

The Critic

A Weekly Review of Literature and the Arts

NUMBER 664 FOURTEENTH YEAR
VOL. XXII

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

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The Critic

(ESTABLISHED IN 1881)

Published every Week, at 287 Fourth Avenue, New York

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1894

Literature

"A Corner of Cathay"

By Adele M. Fielde. Illustrated. Macmillan & Co.

CHINA has for ages been pre-eminently the Asian Mystery, and in these days the attention of the Western world is turned to it with fresh curiosity. It is impossible not to feel that the conflict now pending is a curious jumble of melodrama and burlesque—in one scene there are soldiers wearing pig-tails and carrying repeating rifles, while generals are rewarded with the Order of the Double Dragon or deprived of the honor of the Yellow Jacket, and in another there is the gruesome spectacle of tortured spies and crucified prisoners. At the present time, when a flying visit of a few months allows a traveler to confer upon himself the right to draw conclusions from the most perplexing problems of any country not his own, it is a positive relief to see in the preface to this book that the writer lived for fifteen years in China, chiefly in one province, and can speak its dialect, so that her information about the inhabitants is gained from their lips as well as through her own eyes, and is therefore not only interesting, but of real value. Most of her time was spent in Swatow, where nine-tenths of the inhabitants are farmers or farm-laborers, dwelling in densely crowded villages, and tilling the flat fields which lie between them. She says that "few own so much as two hundred acres; one who owns ten acres is reckoned wealthy, and he who owns one acre possesses a competence. These who own from one-tenth to one-half an acre are most numerous, and therefore there are many who till land for a share of the produce." The price of good farm land is from three hundred to eight hundred dollars an acre, and on each acre an average of twenty-four dollars a year is spent in fertilizers, besides the addition to the soil, with incredible thrift and patience, of all sorts of animal and vegetable refuse. One acre, cultivated by the peasant proprietor, will feed himself, his wife, his old father and mother, and his two children, and the author says that, according to Chinese rates of production and consumption, the arable land in the State of New York, even if it produced but half as much, on account of its more northern latitude, as land does in China, would support the present population of the United States, and the occupied arable land throughout this country, with its producing power diminished to one-half that of Swatow, would feed the population of the whole world.

The chapter on personal and household economy is full of curious details, which could only have become known through long and intimate intercourse with the people, and it is of interest to learn that in China, as in other countries, wealth is supposed to be scattered in the fourth generation from him who first amassed it. The position of the peasant laborer is well summed up in a few words:—"He is saved from extinction by making the utmost possible use of his material; he is saved from envy, by being as well off as his neighbors. He suffers because he never invents, and he is lonely because he always works for personal and not general good." The ceremonies connected with birth, marriage and death, especially the last, are excessively complicated and ruinously expensive, so that a man reckons the funeral of his father as the most maddening affair that can happen to him, and in reading of the various sorceries and spells, all attended with heavy fees, necessary to speed the pagan soul on its way, it is impossible to help a lurking feeling that a laudable economy, as well as an awakened conscience, may have something to do with winning native converts to a simpler creed. As clocks are unknown outside the houses of the rich, any

appointment is usually made with a wide margin for waiting, and medicines are not given with exactness, nor during the night. Miss Fielde once wished to insist that a certain dose should be taken at intervals of two hours, and, as she ventured to question the assurances of the patient's family, his old mother, who acted as nurse, volunteered the information that she had a sure way of knowing the time of night, as she, like everyone else, was acquainted with the fact that she breathed through her two nostrils alternately, the change from one to the other being made precisely on the hour. The pages that treat of children's games and of law-suits are full of interest, but the latter cannot be recommended to any Tammany official, as he would certainly be deeply mortified to find that the despised Chinaman who holds any corresponding position at home could give him many points as to brow-beating and extortion.

In the chapter on Confucius and his doctrines the author has given a clear and simple sketch of this great teacher, of whom she writes:—"It may be said that the private, social and public life of every individual in China is other than it would have been had Confucius never lived." Directly and indirectly, the rules for correct living enunciated by him affect the doings of all members of all classes from birth to death. No other teacher since the world began has had equal practical influence on the conduct of an equal number of human beings." We who belong to a civilization in which a man's faith to his plighted word, as in the case of Regulus, lies at the very root of honor, can easily see that the evil example of Confucius in once breaking his parole and excusing himself on the ground that the spirits do not hear forced oaths, may count for much in the almost universal mendacity of his followers. It may be mentioned here, as a proof of Miss Fielde's good sense, that, having once given the Chinese name of the sage, Khong-hu-chu, she continues to call him by the name by which he is known the world over. The great teachers of mankind seem to sit alone and apart, removed from each other as from common humanity, so that it is almost with a shock of surprise that one realizes Miss Fielde's statement that, if the facilities for travel had been in old days what they are now, the personal disciples of Confucius, Laou-Tze, Buddha and Pythagoras might have met to compare their views on life, duty and death. A distinct addition to the value of the volume is given by the illustrations, due to the brush of native artists in the school of Go Leng, at Swatow. They are full of character—for instance, the dog in "A Family Meal" is a most engaging beast,—and the process by which they are reproduced, and which is employed, as we understand, for the first time, has much softness and delicacy of tone.

"Problems of the Far East"

Japan, Korea, China. By the Hon. George N. Curzon, M.P.
Longmans, Green & Co.

THIS BOOK serves a double purpose. It is full of information and suggestions, and is also a campaign document. Under the laudable purpose of furnishing knowledge in an attractive way about countries concerning which most westerners are discreditably ignorant, there is manifest the intention of stiffening the backbone of British ministers in their political dealings with the states of the Far East. The problems which Mr. Curzon discusses are by no means those most interesting to Americans, or even to Continental Europeans, but are those most vital to the propagandists of British trade. The handsome volume is, undisguisedly, a report in favor of the extension of British commerce. Its main idea

is that England has a mighty trade with China, and ought not to lose one particle of it. England has, also, the best share of trade with Japan, although the United States now leads all other nations in the volume of her commerce with that country: England sells to Japan more goods in the form of manufactured products, while America buys Japanese produce. England's hold on Japan must be kept. If Japan is to become great, she must imitate England, though, in so doing, she must be careful to be not less a customer of Great Britain. Korea must keep away from Japan and have little to do with her, but must, on the contrary, continue to be the obedient vassal of China and stifle all hope of independence and sovereignty, in order that British trade interests may not be disturbed. China must still take the opium of British India. As for Russia, she, also, must curb her ambition. British force has thus far kept Russia bottled up, and so prevented the Russian people from expanding and obtaining the light and knowledge that can come only from contact with the wide world, and by which civilization, as against hermit barbarism, may be promoted. Russia is the great unspeakable enemy, and England is the great and good friend of Asia; or, as the preface says, "the British Empire is, under Providence, the greatest instrument for good that the world has seen." To an American eye this love of lucre and this desire for the expansion of British interests—which means conquest and oppression by treaty—are positively funny. The land of the almighty guinea is well represented by this book. The literary contents of the work are delightfully attractive. The author is a scholar and traveler, a patient student and a man of rare insight and high cultivation, and he has not written in a hurry. Every page bears witness to his felicitous style and to his close grasp of the subject. Some of his generalizations are strikingly acute and finely set forth. He has read widely and deeply in the European literature of his subject. There is very little evidence, however, of any acquaintance with the native literatures, without which we hold it to be nearly impracticable to present any true perspective of the background out of which emerge those movements which so frequently confound the alien, whether he be scholar or politician.

Two chapters are devoted to Japan, and in these we have a clear picture of the modern state that arose on the ruins of feudalism only twenty-five years ago. No volume gives so clear a picture of the contemporary politics of constitutional Dai Nippon as does this of Mr. Curzon's. In Korea he made one journey. He sets forth with skill the political and commercial symptoms of that Korea, which, we believe, has, since his book went to press, died the death, never to rise again; while of that new Korea which is emerging, Mr. Curzon, despite his unquestionable ability, does not seem to have a glimpse. He has taken entirely the view of the English consuls and other envoys, at whose feet he has sat to learn. We think that in his general conclusions he is not only thoroughly wrong, but that both the present as well as the future will convince the unprejudiced reader that his one-sided view is out of the alignment of facts. Korea's true interests are in the direction of independence and the assertion of sovereignty, while Chinese suzerainty means barbarism and paralysis. In his chapters on China Mr. Curzon is remarkably full and will be probably satisfactory to the majority of members of Parliament and, indeed, to the average Englishman; but we cannot say that we are impressed with the profundity of his knowledge of the Middle Kingdom, in which he does not seem to have traveled very widely. Nevertheless, his account of the political situation is wonderfully clear and informing, especially that part which deals with foreign relations. In the concluding chapter he combats the idea of a Mongolian deluge, pictures delightfully the life of the British people in the East, and concludes his work—magnificent despite the limitations of a purely insular and British view of Asiatic politics—with a prophecy of England's yet greater future glory.

The Rise of Democracy

The Rise of Modern Democracy in Old and New England. By Charles Borgeaud. Translated by Mrs. Birkbeck Hill. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THIS IS A valuable little book. It is not, like so many other contemporary writings on institutional history, a mere record of facts, but a study of principles and a philosophical attempt to account for facts that are already known. The author is a citizen of Geneva, and is thus familiar with democratic practice and democratic tradition; and, though he recognizes the difficulties that a writer encounters in treating of the institutions of foreign states, we think that he has been very successful in overcoming these difficulties and in presenting an account of the origin of English and American democracy, which both Englishmen and Americans will like to read. M. Borgeaud does not agree with those who seek the origin of New England democracy in the old village communities of Germany, and he pertinently asks why, if that democracy is of Germanic origin, it appeared only in New England, and not also in Virginia and the other colonies. His thesis is that modern democracy is the child of the Reformation. "Two principles," he says, "two levers were used to break the authority of the Holy See: free enquiry and the priesthood of all believers. To make the religious revolution lawful, it was necessary to proclaim these two principles, which contained in them the germs of the political revolution." According to these principles, "the faithful are to choose their ministers," and "this theory, more than any other, contributed to bring back to life in the modern world that of the sovereignty of the people." He thinks that the church covenants suggested the idea of the Mayflower compact and of written constitutions in general, though he also agrees to a certain extent with Mr. Brooks Adams, that some things in democratic constitutions, and even in the churches themselves, are traceable to the trade guilds of the Middle Ages. Considerable space is devoted to the working of these principles in Puritanism and in the English commonwealth. M. Borgeaud then passes to New England, and shows how Puritan Congregationalism, which had failed in England, "took root in the New World, and how it there prepared the way for the advent and final triumph of popular government." In all this there is, of course, not much that is entirely new; but it is well expounded, and, in some respects, from a new point of view. Though the dissertation is short, it is far more valuable to the student of history than many more voluminous works. At the present time, when the study of institutional history is extensively pursued among us, and when the once popular "mark" theory has been found unsatisfactory, this book is to be cordially welcomed.

Bulfinch's Mythology

The Age of Fable, or Beauties of Mythology. By Thomas Bulfinch Illus. Revised by Dr. E. E. Hale. Lee & Shepard.

THE IMMORTAL REGRETS expressed by Heine over the departure of the "Gods of Greece" were, it seems, prematurely pathetic, for these delightful creatures still live and are annually reproduced in beautiful books and beautiful sculptures. Barry Cornwall, too, rather prematurely cried,

"Why, oh! why has science grave
Scattered afar your sweet imaginings?"

for these "sweet imaginings" are, perhaps, more potent now than ever, and work like yeast in the new æsthetic movements of the century. Forty years ago Mr. Bulfinch saw the need of a companionable volume, which could be consulted freely by the reader who loved Keats and Shelley and Milton and Gray—a volume which would explain, by quotation and translation from Homer and Ovid, the many allusions in contemporary and other literature, especially in the poets. Who, indeed, can read Ruskin or enjoy Carlyle without plunging deep into these "sinuous shells of pearly hue," the fables of Greece and Rome and Scandinavia, or glancing into the

Eddas and Vedas? Landor and Byron, Cowper and Dryden swarm with graceful, exquisite conceits built upon the dainty or dreadful mythologies of the Tiber and the Orient; Egypt and India have lately added themselves to the complication; and Japan, China and Mesopotamia are knocking at the door for interpretation. French and English literature and architecture of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are alike replete with "Zephyr" and "Hyacinth," muse and goddess, temple and grave; who can understand Racine or Versailles, Thomson or "Comus," who can even read with delectation "The Earthly Paradise," the "Atalanta in Calydon," the "Cenone" of Tennyson or the "Iphigenie" of Goethe without some knowledge of these delicious fictions of old Hellas? Half of the finest poetry and art of all ages must remain forever sealed to the reader without some knowledge of Lamprière or Seyffert or Cox, and the tourist of picture-galleries and sculpture-rooms must be infinitely bored without the key which unlocks the "Clyties," "Niobes," "Apollons" and "Venuses" before him.

Mr. Bulfinch saw this need more than a generation ago, and went to work to systematize his gleanings from the classics for the benefit of the lay reader. The result was his excellent "Age of Fable," in which the whole antique mythic world was described. Quotations from most of the celebrated English writers fortified the descriptions, and a manual agreeable to read and instructive to study for the generation of 1855 was the result. Dr. Hale has taken this book and revised and enlarged it, entirely rewriting the chapters on Egyptian theology, Eastern mythology and Scandinavia. Twenty-three poets have been added to the forty of the original edition (we miss Swinburne under "Atalanta" and Poe under "Runic rime"), from whom quotations are given, and the book, with its excellent illustrations and its sections on "Sculpture," has become more charming and enchanting still. It is not, to be sure, free from antiquated notions, "ticklish" philology and odd statements about the Aryan "home" (p. 2), uncertain pronunciations ("Cybele" is pronounced in conflicting ways in text and glossary, "Regillus" is pronounced Régillus, etc.); the old misstatements about the car of Juggernaut are repeated, as if the sacrifice were still in vogue (p. 398), and Old Norse is said to be "a dialect of Gothic" (!); but the book is very complete and accurate as a whole.

Twelve Bad Men

Lives of Twelve Bad Men: Original Studies of Eminent Scoundrels. By Various Hands. Edited by T. Seccombe. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE TWELVE PORTRAITS in this historic Rogues' Gallery have a family likeness, which confines them all to the United Kingdom. They include the *élite* of scoundrelism, the *crème de la crème* of the aristocracy of villains. The painters of these picturesque portraits have fortunately restricted themselves to one island and one tongue; otherwise their picture-gallery might have included many more of the class whom knowing Greeks called σοφοὶ μὲν πονηροὶ δέ—"clever but scoundrelly." How rich, for instance, is France in Marats and Robespierres and Ravaillacs, and in such intellectual adventurers as Villon and Rousseau; and as for the crowned rogues and roguesses that have occupied Russian and Italian and Spanish thrones, and even pontifical chairs, let the Catherines and Borgias and Philips and Alexanders rise up in nauseous memory! All of them reached the "bad eminence" of Milton's Lucifer, and as far back as the "Inferno" and the "Purgatorio," spiritual wickedness in high places was pinned down in the immortal torments of Dante's *terza rima*.

The humorous resurrection which Mr. Seccombe and his colleagues make of the English guild forms a most interesting but painful study in moral infirmity, congenital wickedness, ineradicable taint, or original sin, whichever one chooses to call it. The streak of Cain lies across all the twelve

apostles of the devil gathered between the covers of this book. Perhaps the most entertaining of the dozen is Jonathan Wild, whose biography is graphically written by Mr. Arthur Vincent. Every phase and facet of the annals of crime—judicial, homicidal, libertine, necromantic—is illustrated in this gallery, which resembles the chamber of horrors of some diabolical wax-works. Here is George Jeffrays, the unjust judge of 1648-89; the perjurer Titus Oates; the witch finder Hopkins; Charteris, the lady-killer; Bothwell, the historic Scotchman of evil memory, and Wainwright, the poisoner, who died in 1852. "Fighting Fitzgerald" elbows James MacLaine, "the gentleman highwayman" of 1724-50; and Kelley, the astrologer, is hand-in-glove with bushrangers and thief catchers like Wild and Edward Kelly. The light, literary touch of some of the sketches produces an agreeable titillation of the senses, in spite of the terrible nature of the theme. Balzac's study of Catherine de' Medici is none the less splendid because Catherine is a monster. But one does not fancy the society of Mephistopheles for more than an hour.

"The Writings of Thomas Paine"

Collected and edited by Moncure Daniel Conway. Vol. II. 1779-1792. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE SECOND VOLUME of Mr. Conway's scholarly edition of Paine's works contains the three letters on "Peace and the Newfoundland Fisheries," published in the *Pennsylvania Gazette*; the "Act for incorporating the American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia for promoting useful knowledge"; the pamphlet on "Public Good: Being an Examination into the Claim of Virginia to the Vacant Western Territory, and of the United States to the same," etc., published at Philadelphia in 1780; the "Letter to the Abbé Raynal on the Affairs of North America," in answer to the latter's misleading account of the American revolt; the dissertations "on government; the affairs of the bank; and paper money"; "The Society for Political Inquiries"; "Prospects on the Rubicon," one of Paine's clearest and most forceful political papers; the "Specification of Thomas Paine," being the letters-patent granted to him by George III. on his "Method of Construction of Arches, Vaulted Roofs, and Ceilings, either in Iron or Wood, on Principles New and Different to Anything hitherto practiced"; a letter from Paine to Jefferson, dated London, Feb. 16, 1789; Paine's "Answer to Four Questions on the Legislative and Executive Powers," a newly discovered document, "written," says Mr. Conway, "after Part I. of 'Rights of Man,' and anticipating, nearly in the same language, one or two parts of that work." "This paper," he continues, "plainly not written for publication, was elicited by questions put to Paine, probably by Condorcet, perhaps by Lafayette, concerning the Constitution just submitted by the National Assembly. In the following year it was translated by Condorcet, and printed in the *Chronique du Mois*, May, June, July, 1792. The original manuscript has not been discovered, and I am indebted to my friend Miss Fritsch for a careful translation of the work, which has never before appeared in English, or in any collection of Paine's writings." The "Address and Declaration," issued by the Friends of Universal Peace and Liberty, setting forth the reasons why Englishmen should rejoice at the French Revolution, and the "Rights of Man" complete the volume.

Mr. Conway's edition is a fit tribute to the memory of one of the truly great men of the American Revolution—a man who has hitherto been strangely neglected and wilfully misrepresented. The study of his works is almost the duty of every patriot, and should be included in the historical program of our higher schools. The deep thought, the clear eye that saw ahead a hundred years, the intense conviction and singleness of purpose, all his brilliant qualities shine forth in these pages, and justify the lines addressed to him by a member of the White Hart Club before he had ever published

a line, and when he was utterly unknown to all but the small circle composing this Club:—

"Thy logic vanquish'd error, and the mind
No bounds but those of right and truth confined.
Thy soul of fire must sure ascend the sky,
Immortal Paine, thy name can never die."

"Co-operative Production"

By Benjamin Jones. Macmillan & Co.

MANY ECONOMISTS have looked forward to industrial co-operation as the true solution of the labor problem and the remedy for the disputes now so troublesome between employer and employed. Hitherto, however, the success of co-operation has not been so great as was at one time anticipated, for, though co-operative distribution has been quite successful, especially in England, the same cannot be said, without considerable reserve, of co-operative production. For that reason it is important to know what experiments in production have been made by co-operative societies, how they have been conducted, and what success or failure has attended them. Readers interested in the subject will therefore like to consult the work emanating from Oxford, whose title stands at the head of this article, for it is a history of productive co-operation in England. The author himself is personally interested in co-operative enterprises. He is, also, a clear and fluent writer, and has evidently taken great care in collecting and verifying his facts. He takes up one branch of industry after another, relates the attempts at co-operative production that have been made in each, and endeavors to show why some of them succeeded and others failed. A glance at Mr. Jones's introductory chapter shows how little headway co-operation has made in production, compared with what it has accomplished in distribution. The number of retail distributive co-operative societies at the end of 1891, as shown by official returns, was 1459, having 1,098,352 members and a capital amounting to 11,520,045*l*, while the productive co-operative societies numbered only 150, with 25,217 members and a capital of 968,508*l*.

It is noteworthy that in England co-operative production has hitherto been carried on mainly in connection with co-operative distribution, the goods being produced for consumption by the co-operators themselves, rather than for sale in the general market, though the general market has been sought when necessary. It is evident, too, from Mr. Jones's pages, that many of the so-called co-operative societies therein described might more properly be called joint-stock companies; for, though the shareholders are many and the amount of stock held by any one of them is small, it frequently happens that the laborers employed by the company are not shareholders at all, and have no voice in the management of the business. Mr. Jones has given special attention to the question of organization and management, on the right solution of which the success of co-operation mainly depends; but he expresses the opinion that further experiments will have to be made before the most perfect form of organization and the best method of management will be found. Meanwhile the record of successes and failures which his book contains will surely be useful to all persons engaged, or intending to engage, in co-operative enterprises.

Fiske's School History

A History of the United States for Schools. By John Fiske. With Questions Prepared by F. A. Hill. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

PROF. FISKE'S History has that delightful quality of seeming to have been written off-hand, while yet the fruit of many years of thought, investigation and study. We imagine that it is next to impossible to write a book like this unless a good deal of actual living contact has been had with young people in schools and in audiences. Although Mr. Fiske's name is associated with one section of our country, he seems to do justice to all parts of it, and

acknowledges handsomely the varied influences which went to the making of our great nation. To compress the narrative of three centuries within the narrow limits of a school-book, without making it dull, is a literary feat; but, beginning with the Indians in the three grades of savagery, barbarism and semi-civilization, the story is left off only at the Court of Honor at the Columbian World's Fair. Under the three great heads of Colonization, Revolution and Federal Union the matter is distributed with a superb sense of literary proportion. It has been made into a model school-book by the careful arrangement and equipment of Dr. Frank Alpine Hill, who has furnished topical analyses, suggestive questions and directions for teachers. The maps are numerous and abundant, both colored and uncolored. The appendix of fifty-six pages furnishes an apparatus for permanent reference and understanding of the details of American history. There is an abundant bibliography, by which the reader at home can make himself, if he will, thoroughly familiar with every phase of our national history. Not a few popular errors are corrected, and the author's economy in dates and statistics is highly commendable. It is to be earnestly hoped that the teachers who use this work will, so to speak, "live up to their blue china"; for we can imagine that the book, when put between a bright class and a dull or lazy teacher, would work much vexation and grief. Paper, print, portraits and substantial binding are all that could be desired.

"Bibliographica"

THE SECOND NUMBER of this new quarterly, which is to end at the completion of its third year, opens with an interesting study of "English Illuminated Manuscripts—A. D. 700–1066," by E. Maunde Thompson. "Two English Bookmen" are the subjects of the second paper—"Samuel Pepys," by H. B. Wheatley, and "Henry Fielding," by Austin Dobson. Thackeray's well-known reference to the author of "Amelia" in a letter to Mrs. Brookfield as an author who "makes an absurd brag of his twopenny learning, upon which he values himself evidently more than upon the best of his own qualities" calls forth the following protest from Mr. Dobson:—"If Fielding was anything at all, he was a genuine scholar. He had been educated at Eton; * * *. He had also for a short time studied diligently in the University of Leyden * * *; and it is allowed * * * that, with the excesses of his later life in London, he had managed to combine a remarkable amount of reading at once systematic and recondite. * * * Moreover, his classical quotations were not sharked out of Burton's "Anatomy," like Captain Shandon's; and, however hackneyed they have now become by constant repetition, they must have been fresh enough when he first found them at the end of his pen. * * * To the devotees of the time-honored legend which represents him as scribbling off farce-scenes at tavern tables upon the paper which had wrapped his tobacco, it will perhaps come as a surprise to hear that he died possessed of an exceedingly well-chosen and 'polite' library of books, as varied in character as Johnson's, more extensive by far than Goldsmith's, and—in the matter of those writers whom Moses Primrose describes comprehensively as 'the Ancients'—as richly endowed as that of Gray. His biographers have made no reference to this fact, probably for the best of all reasons—that it was not known to them." E. Gordon Duff completes his article on "The Booksellers at the Sign of the Trinity," the will of Henry Pepwell forming an appendix; and "The Chronology of the Early Aldines" is treated by R. C. Christie. Falconer Madan has gathered the "Early Representations of the Printing-Press," with especial reference to that of Stradanus, of which at present only two copies are known to exist. His article is illustrated with several reproductions of printers' devices in which the press forms a more or less prominent part of the design, and ends fittingly with a reference to two sixteenth-century presses in the Plantin Museum at Antwerp. Dr. Paul Kristeller calls attention to the use of "Woodcuts as Bindings," hitherto entirely overlooked by book-lovers. He quotes as an instance a copy of the "Anteros" of Baptista Fulgosius, printed at Milan in 1496, by Leonardus Pachel. This copy, which forms part of the collection of Mr. Cernuschi of Paris, is bound in simple boards, "but both the sides and the back are overlaid with a fine wood-engraving, 2½ centimetres in height, and 30 centimetres across, when held open. There can be no doubt that the woodcut was expressly executed with a view to its being used as a book-cover, for not only has each side of the cover its own special drawing, corresponding to the form of the book, but the back has a particular design admirably adapted to the character of the 'book-back.'" Dr. Kristeller finds it impossible to determine whether the

woodcut was made for a single individual, or whether we may see in it an attempt made by an enterprising publisher at attractive but inexpensive commercial binding. The volume closes with "Two References to the English Book-Trade, circa 1525," the first in "The Interlude," the unique copy of which known to bibliophiles is in the British Museum, and the second in the prologue of Robert Copland's "Seven Sorrows that Women have when their husbandes be deade." The periodical is worthy of its title.

Theological and Religious Literature

TO BE FAMILIAR with "the Bible in the original English" is not only the suggestion of Mr. Moody, but the requirement of several of our theological seminaries, which have added to their curricula a course of study in the English Bible. For such students and classes, the Rev. Dr. Henry Alexander White's book, "The Origin of the Pentateuch in The Light of the Ancient Monuments," is recommended. Dr. White is Professor of History in the Washington and Lee University of Lexington, Va. He takes what may be called the traditional and ultra-conservative view of the formation of the Pentateuch, utterly scouting the documentary theory, and combating the views of the late Robertson Smith, Dr. C. A. Briggs and other recent critics. He is familiar with the work of the archaeologists and men of the spade, and his illustrations, drawn from the standard and fresh literature of the subject, are finely wrought into his text, making a decidedly pleasing volume. He treats of the ancient civilizations and the discovery of their inscriptions, contrasts the beginnings of Divine revelation with heathen folk-lore, pictures vividly the opposition of Divine revelation to nature-worship and organized forces of heathenism, and then discusses the Divine charter of deliverance from superstition. It will be very hard for an unprejudiced and independent student of the best modern critical scholars to accept the writer's convictions; but, apart from one's acceptance or rejection of the theories now held by the united scholarship of Europe and, largely, of New England, as to the origin of the Pentateuch, the book is useful as a manual, and is written in a more than usually interesting style. (Richmond, Va.: B. F. Johnson Pub. Co.)

THE PHILOSOPHY of evolution, like many another philosophy of former days, is being applied to the great fact of Christianity, and to its peerless truths. The lines of application thus far made have been laid down in regard to the Bible, the Church and various human institutions, political and social. What is now attempted, however, by Theodore F. Seward, in "The School of Life," is the study of divine providence in the light of modern science. Mr. Seward, so well and so favorably known in the religious world, applies the law of development to Christian thinking and Christian living. What McCosh, Leconte, Aubrey Moore and Prof. Drummond have done in other fields, he attempts to do in the broad meadows of every-day life and thought. He presents ably and luminously the doctrine of the immanence of God in nature, and shows that a full realization of the modern doctrine of evolution is a powerful aid to both the Christian and the agnostic. It helps both to realize and appreciate the faith as revealed by Christ and the Apostles. The author, having real human beings of the nineteenth century before him, restates in the new lights of to-day the old Biblical truths which are of the deepest spiritual and practical interest. One great merit of his style is that, while using the freshest thought, he employs a simple vocabulary, avoiding the jargon alike of Spencer and the ecclesiastical dogmatists. The work is both deep and broad, very suggestive, magnetic with the kindling personality of the author, and worthy of a place on many a learned preacher's desk, as showing him how deep thinking may be expressed in popular style. (James Pott & Co.)

IF WE SOMETIMES wonder how the old-time students for the Methodist ministry used to get along, that wonder no longer exists in any relation to the present time. Whereas, in the early days, learning was not highly valued, and preachers were but slenderly equipped with book knowledge, there are now easily accessible stores of learning on every side. Especially is this the case in purely Biblical and theological literature. In volumes V. and VI. of such a series, the Biblical and Theological Library, we have now the "Systematic Theology" of the Rev. John Miley, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Systematic Theology in Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J. Dr. Miley's style is clear, simple and thoroughly modern. Indeed, to our taste, the sentences are too short, and the nervous syntax is almost too rapid and paragraphic. Occasionally we should welcome a few Hooker-like sentences. It seems a pity,

too, that Dr. Miley should not have been bold and brave enough to throw overboard a good deal of the technical language of the cloister. Apart from these criticisms, the work is well-proportioned, the subject being logically opened and developed, while the familiarity with the text of Holy Scripture, the best mediæval and ancient writings and the modern speculation and science, shown by the author, inspires confidence and awakens interest. In the great truths that are common to all Christians, readers of every denomination will find much to enjoy; and at those points where the theology of the Methodists comes into contact with both original and derived Calvinism, the discussions are full and strong. On the subjects of the origin of sin, depravity and guilt, the author seems to be especially at home. As might be expected, however, he completes his discussion of the subjects of theism, theology and anthropology (the latter comprising nearly half the book) in one volume, and devotes the whole of the second volume to Christology, soteriology and eschatology, giving to inspiration and the angels but a few pages of appendix, and presenting, in a final excursus, the Arminian treatment of original sin. This proportion is in accordance with the genius and tendency of the Methodist Christians, who lay emphasis upon salvation, experience and practical Christian works. In treating of eschatology and the duration of punishment, Dr. Miley follows, it appears to us, the thoroughly defective method of arguing that the life of the redeemed and of the condemned must be the same in duration, *because* the same time-words are used in describing both. This seems a thoroughly rationalistic and non-Christian way of arguing, for it leaves out of sight the fact that the life of the saved is in Christ conditioned upon His life, and because His life is endless theirs will be so also; while the condemned have no vital relation to Him who is made after the power of an indissoluble life. There are excellent indexes. (Hunt & Eaton.)

THE HOME WHICH Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., has in mind in his "Christianity in the Home," is one to which he is no stranger. During the greater part of his years of active ministry—numbering nearly a score—this preacher has been a student of door-plates as well as of texts and books. Not being of that order of parsons at whose rap at the front-door the children are very apt to run out at the rear, Dr. Cuyler knows how to talk in simple language. His sentences are packed with monosyllables. He loves the dear old English of the fathers, and the fruit which he plucks from the tree of language is juicy and mellow. We doubt whether there is on this side of the Atlantic another such master of the best colloquial English. Furthermore, he knows how to use illustrations, and how to distil from the archaism of the Bible refreshment for the modern man. The thirty-seven talks or homilies here printed and bound together include themes that come home to every-day life, and the book will be found a great aid in the making of the ideal Christian home. We gladly recommend it for study to young preachers, for, besides the merit of brevity, it has a double portion of wit, and the preacher does not try to tell all he knows in one sermon. (Baker & Taylor Co.)—"THE KEY OF THE GRAVE" is a little volume of sermons, every one of them short and pregnant with thought, which the author, the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, dedicates to his publishers. In a style that is refreshingly out of the ordinary rut, the preacher, who is also a comforter, writes choice words meant only for those who are bearing the burden of a great sorrow. These meditations of a richly cultured mind are fitted to deepen in the heart the sense of the majesty and the beauty and the power of divine revelation. There are many pertinent quotations from authors of many languages. One from Amiel, for example, is this:—"The Christian prayer runs 'Deliver us from evil'; the Buddhist, 'Deliver us from existence.'" The literary flavor of this volume is somewhat superior to the average book of sermons, and its fine atmosphere of spiritual devotion makes it a worthy member of what is called the Devotional Library. (London: Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE REV. GEORGE C. LORIMER, the well-known Baptist clergyman of Chicago and Boston, sends forth a small volume of somewhat over a hundred pages on "The Baptist in History, with an Introductory Chapter on the Parliament of Religions." In a chapter on "Baptist Origins," he shows how scholarship is steadily rescuing the noble name and good fame of the Anabaptists from the merciless talons of their enemies. He explains and sets forth, also, the true spirit governing the great movement of democratic Christianity, so signally illustrated by the modern Baptists, writes luminously of soul liberty, and calls attention to the good work done by the Baptists in England and the United States. The valuable ap-

pendices contain statistics, names of hymn-writers and a brief bibliography. The paper on the Parliament of Religions is a good pen-picture of the gathering as seen by one who believes in the meeting of men of differing faiths where they can see each other face to face, if not, indeed, eye to eye. Even the egotism which is omnipresent in Dr. Lorimer's writings is rather agreeable, and his style is sparkling. He considers that in the evolution of the ultimate religion the race must pass through the antecedent stages of theism, pantheism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism and the various "isms" of Christianity, in order to emerge into the final faith, which is much more comprehensive than its name. Dr. Lorimer is severe on all "isms," apparently forgetting that even *Christianism* is the same as Christianity in the language whence we have borrowed the other words for religion which end in "ism." Like the Unitarians and many other Christians, who rest in noble dissatisfaction with the name given them and wait for revelation of a better term, Dr. Lorimer evidently desires for his fellow-believers some better name than that popularly employed. (Boston: Silver, Burdett & Co.)

RIVALRY IN THE work of theological translation and publishing has been sorely needed, for hack-work has been too long and too often the rule. The new Theological Translation Library is edited by the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, D.D., of Oxford, and the Rev. A. B. Bruce, D.D., of Glasgow—names too well known to need commendation. The initial volume in the new Series is the first volume of "The Apostolic Age of the Christian Church," by Prof. Carl von Weizsäcker of Tübingen. This author now bears the weight of seventy-two years, but seems to bear it lightly. Should he live until the year 1897, he will have rounded out his fiftieth year of service as professor of theology. He is a scholar not given to over-bold hypotheses. We find in this work not only the profound learning which we expect from a German author, but a moderation and soundness of judgment which are by no means common in Germany or anywhere else. With absolute freedom in the handling of his materials and a brave independence of traditional notions, he combines a reverent tone and a true devotion to science. His vigor is without rigor. He pictures with minute care the assembling of the disciples, the extension of the Church and the nature of the first Christian society, and then goes on to describe the life and work of the Great Apostle of the Gentiles, and of the Pauline Church. He deals with a multitude of details, but he deals with them in an interesting way, so that the book is more readable than most scholarly works on Church history. The translation is smooth, and we have noticed but few sentences which are not perfectly clear. As usual with the theologians of the Tübingen school, the resurrection of Jesus is treated as a fact resting on subjective experience, rather than on objective historical fact. The Book of Acts contains material for history, rather than history itself. Nevertheless, the work of Weizsäcker is always stimulating and interesting, whether we see as he does or not. We await the next volume of this work and the succeeding books of the Series with interest. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

THE AMERICAN CHURCH History Series planned by the American Church History Society is coming to realization in paper and ink. A "Historical Sketch of the Unitarian Movement Since the Reformation" forms part of Volume X., which is devoted to those Protestant Christians whose names begin with a U. The author is the venerable Joseph Henry Allen, D.D., formerly of Harvard University. Within the limits assigned, a clear history of the movement known as Unitarianism is here set forth. The first chapters treat of the Italian reformers. The author finds the germs of modern Unitarianism as a popular belief in those poor communities of Baptists, scattered and scorned, who furnished the fuel which the State Churchmen of Europe were so eager to use as bonfires to the glory of God. Servetus and Socinus receive liberal treatment, as do the Polish and Transylvanian brethren. The second and larger part of the book tells the moving story of English and American Unitarianism, the history being brought down to include the foundation of the Missionary College in Japan. There are now over twenty women among the Unitarian clergy. Unitarianism at present, instead of being merely theological, professional, or controversial, is in equal alliance with every form of modern thought or learning, and courts criticism from every side. It attempts the practice of religion wholly free of ecclesiasticism or dogma, aiming to give its own interpretation of a divine kingdom upon the earth. From a literary point of view, the work is admirable. It is scholarly, luminous and cast in excellent language, and it is marked

throughout by candor, fairness, an utter absence of controversial bitterness and, apparently, of prejudice. In this respect it is a model. The reviewer is all the more happy in saying this, since he has had occasion to criticize the writer under review at other times, and more than once in these pages. (The Christian Literature Co.)

BEFORE THE Rev. David H. Greer, D.D., Rector of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York, had been appointed Chaplain of the Seventh Regiment, a shorthand reporter had been at work taking down his sermons preached without notes. These sermons are now printed, not as essays, but as discourses. The author declares his purpose in printing them to be precisely the same as that which he had in preaching them: to try to make men see that even the commonest life has in it something divine, and to help them a little in the midst of their daily affairs to pass "From Things to God." This phrase forms the title that binds the sheaf together. Twenty-one sermons deal with such practical and personal themes as enable each hearer or reader to see how great and how important is his own life. Doctor Greer is a true preacher, for he shows to each of us the ideal side of every-day life. Looking into the human heart as a jeweler looks into the movements of a watch, he sees the play of the different parts of the wonderful mechanism called man. Each sermon seems to have been intended to supply some particular need, or to show the perfect form to which the imperfect should aspire. The style is simple, direct, clear, without waste of words, and the illustrations are those which would naturally be selected by a teacher who has a strong individuality. Christ is the central thought, the great example, the foundation of all hope and of salvation. Because of this faith in the Master, there is a spirit of optimism that stirs and thrills, and an exultant hope that dominates these sermons. "The Ladder of Life" is a good specimen of thoroughly practical treatment, while the discourse on "The Christian and the Theatre" is a good example of helpfulness to those who would be in the world, yet not of it. (Thomas Whittaker.)

"FALLEN ANGELS: a Disquisition upon Human Existence; an Attempt to Elucidate Some of its Mysteries, Especially Those of Evil and of Suffering: By One of Them," is an amorphous and incoherent discussion of pretty much everything in general, past, present and future, the -ologies and -osophies, Adam, sin, evolution, incarnation, heredity, immortality, and what not. The last chapter might as well have been first, and the first last, with the others rearranged between them, and little harm would have been done to the value of the work. The author has weakened her or his mind by a good deal of reading, and apparently her or his thinking has not reached the constructive point. The best things in the book seem to be the quotations, and one of these, describing the Whitechapel girl of London, is a striking picture of the conditions under which human life is lived in the most populous city of the world. On page 36 we have found something which gives us some clue to the purpose of the book. It is that "human beings were angels and dwelt originally in purity and light as emanations from the divine; but that, having fallen, we are being graciously led back to Heaven by gradations of instruction." (London: Gay & Bird.)—**HOW TO READ** an old book like the Bible with freshness, grace, devoutness and edification, is a really fine art, worthy of attainment by every one who conducts public worship. To aid his brethren, the Rev. Arthur Pierson, D. D., has printed three papers in a pamphlet of fifty pages, entitled "The Bible in Private and Public." It is well worth the study of both layman and cleric. As is usual with Dr. Pierson's writings, the chapters are cast in fine English style, and none can mistake the author's meaning. (Fleming H. Revell Co.)

THE Bibliotheca Sacra, now in its fifty-first volume, comes to us in its old-time dress of light blue, but with wonderfully modern features and attracting in its train a goodly number of editors and contributors. Dr. G. F. Wright, who, we are glad to say, did not get drowned among the icebergs during the past summer, writes with breezy freshness on the adaptations of nature to the intellectual wants of man; principle D. W. Simon of Bradford, England, writes on the nature and scope of systematic theology; Dr. B. B. Warfield of Princeton defends the inspiration of the Bible and tells what it is safe to believe; and Dr. Howard Osgood of Rochester, utterly lacking in sympathy with the critical theories applied to Biblical study, bids us hold on to the traditional interpretation of Christ's words. There is a very able and suggestive article on

"The Outlook for Islam," by the Rev. D. L. Leonard, who shows how marvellously Mohametanism has spread over Africa, though he believes that the printing-press and public schools, with the Arabic translation of the Bible, will in time overthrow the system based on the Koran. There is a good critique of Spinoza, by Prof. Roe of Oberlin. What amounts to almost a transformation of this venerable champion of Christianity and Congregationalism is its new department of sociology. Two body articles and twelve pages of notes are given to this practical subject, and the department is to be permanently maintained, under the editorial supervision of Mr. Z. Swift Holbrook of Chicago, who is the son-in-law of the late William F. Poole, the well-known librarian. Mr. Holbrook's notes on Pullman, the Homestead strike, compulsory arbitration and the ideal citizen, show not only the practical knowledge of an actual business man, but the keen discrimination of a close thinker and wide observer. Under such auspices, this honored emigrant from Andover to Oberlin bids fair to round out another half-century with increasing honors. (Oberlin, O.: E. J. Goodrich).

AMERICAN VISITORS to London, who lodge in or near Gordon Square, may have visited the edifice of the Catholic Apostolic Christian Church hard by. The worldly folks call the people who worship in this edifice "Irvingites," because the Rev. Edward Irving was the forerunner, if not the founder, of the Catholic Apostolic Church. These believers think that the Holy Spirit uses their organs of speech for the utterance of His thoughts and intentions. Their ritual is based upon the Anglican and ancient Greek, and in one sense the Irvingites are the highest of High Churchmen. With a high order of piety and with humility, they combine astonishing assumptions, which would require the subordination of all ecclesiastical organizations, including even those of Rome, Moscow and Canterbury. In a "Chapter of Church History from South Germany," by L. W. Scholler, translated by W. Wallis, we have the very interesting story of the phenomena of this form of faith, as manifested in the life of Johann Evangelist Georg Lutz, who, about 1827, accepted the tenets of the Catholic Evangelical Church. This earnest man, who believed in the remanifestation of the gifts and powers of the Holy Ghost, naturally came into conflict with both the Protestant and Roman Catholic Church authorities. After being duly excommunicated, he labored for a number of years within the so-called Apostolic churches of Bavaria. He had come into his belief through a study of the Scriptures, and not until some years after did he enter into communication with his fellow-believers in England. Three churches still remain as landmarks of the road through which Lutz had to pass "in his struggles after the possession of the treasures of grace as they were enjoyed in the beginning." The episode is remarkable in the history of modern Christianity. Besides being of especial interest to those Christians who are generally called Irvingites, the book will interest all those who study critically modern examples of devotion to conviction. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

FEW SCHOLARS in England have been more sincerely mourned in death than was the late Fenton John Anthony Hort, D.D. As a master of ancient manuscripts, as a settler of texts, as one versed in the whole field of Christian epigraphy, he was accustomed to win the assent, not only of British and American, but of Continental scholars. This he did by his vast resources of scholarship, by his judicial candor, by his capacity to wait patiently for new light, and by his rare insight, which recognized original fact under heaps of later error. Any memorial of his studious life will be welcomed by a large circle of his admirers on both sides of the Atlantic, and, although twenty-two years seem a long time to wait before the publication of a series of lectures, yet this precious contribution to modern theology is worth waiting for. "The Way, The Truth, The Life" is the title of the Hulsean Lectures for 1871, which Dr. Hort delivered, and which he probably had upon his study-table, perfecting its points here and there, during many years. From the variety and thoroughness of his own acquirements, he is able to dwell on this aspect of the Gospel, that "The light which it brings is far more than any light which it receives." With marvellous unity of purpose, detail of treatment and wealth of erudition he sets forth Christ as the Way, the Truth, and the Life, the manifold relations of the theme being brought into perfect harmony. This small book is packed with helpful suggestions to the preacher. (Macmillan & Co.)—"THANKSGIVING Sermons and Outline Addresses: An Aid for Pastors," compiled and edited by William E. Ketcham, D.D., contains a number of suggestions made by experienced preachers for the benefit of their younger brethren of the

cloth. "So frequent and persistent," says the compiler, "are the inquiries for such suitable aids, that we are happy to meet the demand." Sermons and Outlines alike are unsectarian. (New York: Wilbur B. Ketcham.)—"St. LUKE: Thoughts for St. Luke's Day" is a pamphlet, "by a Daughter of the Church," setting forth the facts of Luke's history as evangelist, physician and painter. It contains poems by Bishop MacLagan, the Rev. John Keble and Frances Ridley Havergal, and reproductions of some well-known paintings. One wonders why the book was published at all. (New York: Crothers & Korth.)

The November Magazines

[Continued from last week]

"The Forum"

AN "INDEPENDENT" opens the number with a review of the "Political Career and Character of David B. Hill"; George F. Edmunds has a timely article on the question, "Should Senators be Elected by the People?"; John W. Chadwick contributes a tribute to Oliver Wendell Holmes and his work; the Rev. W. B. Hale considers the "Impotence of Churches in a Manufacturing Town"; Montgomery Schuyler writes of "George Inness: the Man and his Work"; "The Eastern War and After" is a military study by Col. T. A. Dodge; Frederic Harrison estimates "Thackeray's Place in Literature"; E. R. L. Gould discusses "The Temperance Problem: Past and Future"; Henry L. Nelson gives an estimate of "William L. Wilson as a Tariff-Reform Leader"; Nathan Straus explains "How the New York Death-Rate Was Reduced"; Samuel W. Dike computes "The Wage-Earners' Loss during the Depression"; and there are some "Facts touching a Revival of Business."

HOLMES

Mr. Chadwick thus sums up his appreciation of the Autocrat:—"And still we have not touched the deepest spring of Holmes's influence upon his time. If this influence had reached its maximum as a solvent of the Puritan theology, it would have been a modest factor in the evolution of New England thought and life as compared with the poetry of Whittier. Whittier did much more than Holmes to soften the Puritan theology, but Holmes did vastly more than Whittier to soften the Puritan temper of the community. And here was his most characteristic work. He was neither stoic nor ascetic; neither indifferent to life's sweet and pleasant things, nor, while hankering for their possession, did he repress his noble rage and freeze the genial currents of his soul. His was 'an undisguised enjoyment of earthly comforts'; a happy confidence in the excellence and glory of our present life; a persuasion, as one has said, that 'if God made us, then he also meant us,' and he held to these things so earnestly, so pleasantly, so cheerily, that he could not help communicating them to everything he wrote. They pervade his books and poems like a most subtle essence, and his readers took them in with every breath. Many entered into his labors, and some, no doubt, did more than he to save what was best in the Puritan conscience while softening what was worst in the Puritan temper and what was most terrible in the Puritan theology. But it does not appear that any one else did so much as Dr. Holmes to change the social temper of New England, to make it less harsh and joyless, and to make easy for his fellow-countrymen the transition from the old things to the new. And it may be that here was the secret, in good part, of that great and steadily increasing affection which went out to him in the later lustrums of his life. It was recognized, or felt with dim half-consciousness, that here was one who had made life better worth the living, who removed the interdict on simple happiness and pure delight, who had taken an intolerable burden from the heart and bade it swell with gladness in the good world and the good God."

THACKERAY'S STYLE

MR. HARRISON's estimate of "Thackeray's Place in Literature" is enthusiastic but eminently critical: short as it is, it forms an important document in the study of English letters. Of Thackeray's style he says:—

This mastery over style—a style at once simple, pure, nervous, flexible, pathetic and graceful—places Thackeray amongst the very greatest masters of English prose, and undoubtedly as the most certain and faultless of all the prose writers of the Victorian age. Without saying that he has ever reached quite to the level of some lyrical and apocalyptic descants that we may find in Carlyle

and in Ruskin, Thackeray has never fallen into the faults of violence and turgidity which their warmest admirers are bound to confess in many a passage from these our two prose-poets. Carlyle is often grotesque; Macaulay can be pompous; Disraeli, Bulwer, Dickens, are often slovenly and sometimes bombastic; George Eliot is sometimes pedantic, and Ruskin has been stirred into hysterics. But Thackeray's English, from the first page of his first volume to the last page of his twenty-sixth volume, is natural, scholarly, pure, incisive, and yet gracefully and easily modulated—the language of an English gentleman of culture, wit, knowledge of the world and consummate ease and self-possession. It is the direct and trenchant language of Swift; but more graceful, more flexible, more courteous. And what is a truly striking fact about Thackeray's mastery of style is this—that it was perfectly formed from the beginning; that it hardly ever varied, or developed, or waxed in the whole course of his literary career; that his first venture as a very young man is as finished and as ripe as his very latest piece, when he died almost in the act of writing the words—*'and his heart throbbed with an exquisite bliss.'* This prodigious precocity in style, such uniform perfection of exact composition, are perhaps without parallel in English literature. At the age of twenty-six Thackeray wrote *'The History of Samuel Titmarsh and the Great Hoggarty Diamond.'* * * * It is as full of wit, humor, scathing insight and fine pathos in the midst of burlesque, as is *'Vanity Fair'* itself. It is already Thackeray in all his strength, with his *'Snobs,'* his *'Nobs,'* his fierce satire and his exquisite style."

"The Pall Mall Magazine"

THE FRONTISPIECE of the November *Pall Mall* is "A Study in Color," from an original painting by B. M. Hewett. Paul Verlaine opens the number with a poem, "Conquistador"; George Clinch chronicles the history of "Christ's Hospital"; E. F. Benson tells the story of "Love's Apostate"; Herbert Russell writes of "Tugs and Towing"; L. D. Powles has a short tale, "Boss Bierstumpf's Story"; Thomas Bailey Aldrich contributes another sonnet, "The Undiscovered Country"; Gen. Lord Roberts, V. C., continues his study of Wellington; Guy Boothby has a very insignificant sketch, "Cupid and Psyche"; H. F. Abell drops into poetry "At Ben-Zai-Ten's Shrine"; Coldstream Guardsmen are the subject of Mr. Arthur Jule Goodman's monthly "War Note"; Walter Besant adds a third chapter to his study of "Westminster"; Mary Angela Dickens contributes a story, "Another Freak"; Lionel Dècle begins an account of his journey across Africa; Blanche Roosevelt has verses on "The Cats in the Forum"; "Autumn" is the name of a full-page illustration by B. Mackennal; "Hearts and Voices" is the name of a story by Compton Reade; "The Moss Rose" is a poem, written in the last century, and gathered from a MS. album; Rider Haggard adds two chapters to the adventures of "Joan Haste"; and there is another "Guess at Futurity"—a drawing of a housetop garden. Mr. Zangwill comes bravely forward with his invariably clever work. The illustrations are by B. Mackennal, C. Van Noorden, G. G. Manton, Fred. Rae, Hall Hurst, A. Salmon, C. Roth, W. Patten, Fred. Pegram, Louis Wain, F. S. Wilson and L. Baumer.

"THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY"

Mr. Aldrich's new sonnet crystallizes in classic form a thought dear to all:—

"For ever am I conscious, moving here,
That should I step a little space aside,
I pass the boundary of some glorified
Invisible domain—it lies so near!
Yet nothing know we of that dim frontier
Which each must cross whatever fate betide,
To reach the heavenly cities where abide
(Thus Sorrow whispers) those that were most dear,
Now all transfigured in celestial light!
Shall we indeed behold them, thine and mine,
Whose going hence made black the noonday sun?—
Strange is it that across the narrow night
They fling us not some token, or make sign
That all beyond is not oblivion."

COLERIDGE AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL

"Coleridge entered Christ's Hospital the same year as Lamb," says Mr. Clinch. "His shy, sensitive, affectionate nature found very uncongenial surroundings in the atmosphere of this vast institution. Even the periodical leave-days were not unmixed blessings; for poor Coleridge was homeless and friendless in the great city of London, and when the weather was unsuited to his favorite pastime

of swimming in the New River, the lonely lad would prowls about Newgate and the adjacent quarters, or wait outside the iron gates shivering in the cold until the doors were opened.

"The boy's nature was lovable and sociable to those who understood him, but it is to be feared few of his school companions were able to do so. His pronounced love of solitude and meditation proved a fatal obstacle to anything like close friendship with boys full of life, of fun, and of sanguine spirits. For a period of between eight and nine years Coleridge remained a 'Blue Coat Boy,' and during that time he formed a few close friendships. Middleton, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, some years his senior, was one of the chosen few; and Charles Lamb, three years Coleridge's junior, was another. But the yearning for a home of some sort was so strong as to lead Coleridge to form the idea of quitting Christ's Hospital and apprenticing himself to shoemaking. Coleridge had made the acquaintance, during one of his solitary rambles, of a certain shoemaker and his wife, and here was one opportunity, he thought, of putting his project into execution. He brought the tradesman to see the school authorities, but all to no purpose. His request was refused. The master lost his temper, and sent the shoemaker about his business. When it was suggested that Coleridge should go to the University with an ultimate view of taking holy orders, the lad boldly stated that he held infidel opinions. 'So, sirrah,' cried the master, 'you are an infidel, are you? Then I'll flog your infidelity out of you!' And the threat was carried out with unnecessary severity. This sagacious master endeavored also to ridicule the young poet out of false taste in poetry. 'Harp? harp? lyre? Pen and ink, boy, you mean! Muse, boy, muse? Your nurse's daughter, you mean? Pierian springs? Oh, ay, the cloister pump, I suppose.' Coleridge remained at Christ's Hospital altogether for a period of about nine years, and left it, when almost nineteen years old, in the autumn of 1791."

"McClure's Magazine"

THE NOVEMBER *McClure's* opens with a number of portraits of Napoleon, and portraits of his father and mother and other relations. Robert Barr records a "Real Conversation" with Conan Doyle; Cleveland Moffett tells the little-known story of "How Allan Pinkerton Thwarted the First Plot to Assassinate Lincoln"; Rudyard Kipling speaks of his "First Book"; Hugh Robert Mills gives an account of the "Unknown Parts of the World"; "The Search for the Absolute Zero" is a scientific paper by Henry J. Dam; there is a poem, "Song of a Serenade," by Cy Warman; and the short stories are "A Feline Fate," by Anna Robeson Brown; "De Profundis," by A. Conan Doyle; "My Friend Will," by Charles F. Lummis, and "The Doom of London," by Robert Barr. There is a correction apropos of "The Bravest Deed of the War," printed in a former number of the magazine, and the illustrations include, further, portraits of Lincoln, Mr. and Mrs. A. Conan Doyle, Robert Barr and Allan Pinkerton.

KIPLING'S FIRST BALLADS

In his paper on "My First Book," Rudyard Kipling gives this account of the birth of his first book of ballads:—

"My verses had the good fortune to last a little longer than some others which were more true to facts and certainly better workmanship. Men in the army, and the civil service, and the railway, wrote to me saying that the rhymes might be made into a book. Some of them had been sung to the banjos round camp-fires, and some had run as far down coast as Rangoon and Moulmein, and up to Mandalay. A real book was out of the question, but I knew that Rukn-Din and the office plant were at my disposal at a price, if I did not use the office time. Also, I had handled in the previous year a couple of small books, of which I was part owner, and had lost nothing. So there was built a sort of a book, a lean, oblong docket, wire-stitched, to imitate a D. O. Government envelope, printed on one side only, bound in brown paper, and secured with red tape. It was addressed to all heads of departments and all government officials, and among a pile of papers would have deceived a clerk of twenty years' service. Of these 'books' we made some hundreds, and as there was no necessity for advertising, my public being to my hand, I took reply post-cards, printed the news of the birth of the book on one side, the blank order-form on the other, and posted them up and down the empire from Aden to Singapore, and from Quetta to Colombo. There was no trade discount, no reckoning twelves as thirteens, no commission, and no credit of any kind whatever. The money came back in poor but honest rupees, and was transferred from the publisher, the left-

hand pocket, direct to the author, the right-hand pocket. Every copy sold in a few weeks, and the ratio of expenses to profits, as I remember it, has since prevented my injuring my health by sympathizing with publishers who talk of their risks and advertisements. The down-country papers complained of the form of the thing. The wire binding tore the pages, and the red tape tore the covers. This was not intentional, but heaven helps those who help themselves. Consequently, there arose a demand for a new edition, and this time I exchanged the pleasure of taking in money over the counter for that of seeing a real publisher's imprint on the title-page."

CONAN DOYLE ON AMERICAN FICTION

Mr. Barr has interviewed the author of "The White Company," and reports part of their "real conversation" as follows:—

Barr. Don't you read American fiction?—**Doyle.** Not as much as I should wish, but what I have read has, I hope, been fairly representative. I know Cable's work and Eugene Field's and Hamlin Garland's and Edgar Fawcett's and Richard Harding Davis's. I think Harold Frederic's 'In the Valley' is one of the best of recent historical romances. The danger for American fiction is, I think, that it should run in many brooks instead of one broad stream. There is a tendency to overaccentuate local peculiarities; differences, after all, are very superficial things, and good old human nature is always there under a coat of varnish. When one hears of a literature of the West or of the South, it sounds aggressively sectional.—**Barr.** Sectional? If it comes to that, who could be more sectional than Hardy or Barrie—the one giving us the literature of a county and the other of a village. * * * **Doyle.** Barrie and Hardy have gained success by showing how the Scotch or Wessex peasants share our common human nature, not by accentuating the points in which they differ from us.—**Barr.** Well, I think Howells is demolished. What do you think of him and of James?—**Doyle.** James, I think, has had a great and permanent influence upon fiction. His beautiful clear-cut style and his artistic restraint must affect every one who reads him. I'm sure his 'Portrait of a Lady' was an education to me, though one has not always the wit to profit by one's education. * * * I think the age of fiction is coming—the age when religious and social and political changes will all be affected by means of the novelists. * * * Everybody is educated now, but comparatively few are very educated. To get an idea to penetrate to the masses of the people, you must put fiction round it, like sugar round a pill."

"The Review of Reviews"

THE NOVEMBER NUMBER of *The Review of Reviews* devotes considerable space to the political situation in New York State, and to the municipal campaign in this city. Other subjects discussed are the "American Protective Association," "Women in the New York Municipal Campaign," "Latest Plans for the Unification of London," the "Work of the Constitutional Convention," the situation in the East, the illness of the Czar, the relations between France and England, the reduction of armaments, the electoral changes in Belgium, the German Emperor's Koenigsberg speech, the hopes of temperance reform, inoculation for diphtheria, Prof. Swing and Gen. Booth. The Rev. Edward Everett Hale contributes a character sketch of Oliver Wendell Holmes, which is illustrated with various portraits; Lynn R. Meekins discusses "Legal Education in the United States," and Edward B. Howell tells "A Tragic Sequel to 'Ramona'." There are portraits of the Czar, Charles H. Fairchild, the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, Col. William L. Strong, Nathan Straus, Hugh J. Grant, William R. Grace, Everett P. Wheeler, Mayor Ellert of San Francisco, William G. Clarke, Mr. Budd, William J. Bryan, Knute Nelson, W. Y. Atkinson, the Czarevitch and Princess Alix, Admiral Ting, Capt. Von Hanneken, the late Prof. David Swing, the late Andrew G. Curtin and the late James A. Froude, Thomas M. Cooley, Austin Abbott, the late William G. Hammond, Henry Wade Rogers, Simeon E. Baldwin, George M. Sharp and James B. Thayer.

"New England Magazine"

WILLIAM HOWE DOWNES opens the November number with an article on "Monuments and Statues in Boston"; the Rev. W. E. Griffis writes of "America's Relations with the Far East"; Franklin W. Davis has chosen "Old St. John's Parish in Portsmouth" for his subject; Stoughton Cooley describes "The Mississippi Roustabout"; George H. Brennan gives some account of "The Early Massachusetts Court Records"; John G. Morse adds to naval history the career of "The Privateer 'America'";

David Buffum tells the more or less imaginary story of "A New England Pirate"; "The People Should Elect," by R. L. Bridgman, is a plea for the election by the people of the Speaker of the House, both the state Legislatures and at Washington; Dorothy Prescott concludes her story, "A Castle of Ice"; and there is a short story by Helen Campbell. A tribute in metrical form to the memory of Dr. Holmes is by William Everett, and the poems are by Curtis Guild, Jr., Richard Burton, Katharine Lee Bates and others.

Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

A Baconian Tragedy.—Dr. Owen has announced another remarkable "find" by means of his "cipher" investigations—"a complete play in five acts, poetically beautiful and tragic, complete in every detail, even to business." He believes that "Bacon inserted it in the cipher story in his plays to convince doubters that he was the great playwright his decipherer claims him to be." As the news of this discovery has now been given to the papers, I may state that, through the courtesy of the publishers, I have been permitted to read a portion of the play in manuscript. The principal characters are Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots and the Earl of Leicester; and the plot is founded on the discovery of Leicester's intrigue with Mary and her condemnation to death. *The Tribune* says that "George Goodale, one of the best-known dramatic critics in the West, pronounces it a most remarkable piece of dramatic work." This is ambiguous, perhaps intentionally so. The play would be "remarkable" as the work of Shakespeare, for nothing so poor, either as poetry or as drama, was ever ascribed to him; but it may be frankly admitted that it is not unworthy of Bacon, if we are to judge of his merits as a poet by his acknowledged efforts in verse. It is certainly strange that it should be so inferior to the plays into which he interwove it by means of the "cipher," the exigencies of which, as Dr. Owen himself has told us, rendered the task of the secondary composition peculiarly difficult. When the new tragedy is published, our readers can form their own opinion of it. They will at least be interested in it as a literary curiosity.

A Shakespeare Quotation.—A Western correspondent wants to know where he can find the following "passage from Shakespeare," which appears to have been quoted on "some farewell occasion":—

"Should one be taking leave
As long a time as we have yet to live,
The loathness to depart would grow;
If we shall meet again we do not know,
Therefore our everlasting farewell take;
If we do meet again, then we shall smile;
If not, why, then this parting was well made."

This is a mixture of "Cymbeline" (l. 1. 106-108) and "Julius Cæsar" (v. 1. 115-119), with slight alterations in both passages. The former is from the parting of Posthumus and Imogen, the latter from that of Brutus and Cassius.

The "Pall-bearer" Hoax.—In the former note on this subject I forgot to state that, two years after the investigations there recorded, Mr. Moncure D. Conway made a thorough re-examination of the matter, and gave the results in *Harper's Magazine* for January, 1886 (vol. 72, p. 211), under the title, "Hunting a Mythical Pall-bearer." He gives a fac-simile of Mr. C. J. Brown's copy of the Stafford County inscription, and an illustration of the appearance of the gravestone in 1886, when only the first two letters of the first word (HE) were decipherable. Mr. Conway believes this to be the oldest English epitaph in America.

The myth dates back to 1862 at least. Mr. John Malone of New York informs me that it appeared in *Notes and Queries* for Sept. 6 of that year. It was copied into *Fraser's Magazine* in March, 1865; and into *The Pall Mall Gazette* in July, 1870, when the phraseology of the inscription was shown to be later than its alleged date. The story was revived in 1875, when it appeared in the Washington *Evening Star* and other papers. The letter of the *Times* correspondent in 1884 was printed on the same day (July 20) in the *Detroit Free Press*, and also in the *Buffalo Courier*.

Mr. Malone says that "Helder" appears to have been a Warwickshire name; there was a Hamlet Helder baptized at Stratford in the 16th century." The Rev. Dr. Arbuthnot informs me that he first saw the story in a cutting from the *Detroit Free Press* (the number for July 20, 1884, mentioned above) given him by a friend,

He says that the newspaper accounts of his talk about the tombstone were greatly exaggerated. Referring to his intention of visiting friends in Virginia, he added that while there he should try to investigate this story, which he did not believe. Out of this has been evolved the assertion that one of his chief objects in crossing the Atlantic was to hunt up that grave.

The Lounger

AN INTERESTING FACT in connection with "Napoleon," the drama produced recently by Mr. Richard Mansfield, is that the author, Mr. Lorimer Stoddard, is the son of the poet, Richard Henry Stoddard. Mr. Lorimer Stoddard is still quite a young man. When he was just out of college he had an idea of being a publisher, and went into the house of Charles Scribner's Sons to learn the business. After staying there a while, he decided that the stage was more to his taste, so he studied to be an actor. His first appearance, if I remember rightly, was with Robson and Crane in "The Henrietta." He played the part of a stage dude, which is a more terrible creature, if possible, than the original, and won quite a success in it. Once in a while young Mr. Stoddard drops into poetry, which is not unnatural, seeing that he comes by the gift from both parents; but now, it seems, he is "going in for" writing plays. If he wants to make money, let him "cultivate the" art of the playwright rather than that of the poet. There is much more money in it. One successful play will earn more money than half the poets in the country have earned in their lives—by poetry, I mean. Poetry as a money-making profession does not flourish in America, nor do I find that it is very remunerative in any country.

THERE WAS A TIME when art did not flourish here—commercially, I mean. It was not more than six or eight years ago when I heard it said that there was not a painter in New York who made his living by his art, and that those who lived well were either married to rich wives, or eked out their incomes by teaching or illustrating for the magazines; and it was whispered that some of them did unsigned work for advertisements that kept the wolf from the door. I think that art is paying better with us now. You hear of painters who get anywhere from three to ten thousand dollars for a portrait. Some of these high-priced portraits are to be seen at the exhibition now being held at the Academy of Design. It does not take much of an arithmetician to see that many times ten thousand, or even three thousand, dollars in one year would make a living income for any but a very exacting artist. To be sure, there are not many portrait-painters who command such prices, but there are a few, and they usually have as many orders as they can fill. Nothing succeeds like success, in every art and every profession.

LONDON IS THE PARADISE of painters. They flourish there as Tammany politicians have flourished in New York. When you see a very rich man in New York, you are pretty sure that he is a Tammany favorite; when you see a rich man in London you are safe in saying that he is an artist. The fine houses in London don't belong to the nobility—they belong to the painters. If you doubt me, walk through Melbury Road, the next time you are in London. No one but artists live there, and they live in gorgeous style; or go up to St. John's Wood, where Alma Tadema and other painters live, and see if I am exaggerating. I know of a painter in London who does landscapes with cattle in the foreground and ruined abbeys in the middle distance, the sort of pictures that are sure to win an R. A. for a man, but which you and I would not care to own; and yet their painter says that it is a bad year with him when he doesn't make \$50,000 by his brush. Englishmen spend thousands of pounds for pictures where Americans spend hundreds of dollars. There are no end of "funds" left by benevolent Englishmen for the purchase of pictures, besides what the government buys. Then there are not only a hundred private galleries there to one here, but every man who makes money in the colonies celebrates the fact by presenting the town where he lives with a gallery bearing his name. Americans found libraries—Englishmen found picture-galleries. A rich Australian thinks nothing of spending \$150,000 or \$200,000 at the Royal Academy's private view. What is more, he buys pictures painted by Englishmen, which is as great a test as his patriotism could compel. When an American pays a big price for a picture, he pays it to a foreign artist, not because the foreigner paints better than the American, but because the purchaser thinks that it makes him seem a man of cosmopolitan tastes—a citizen of the world. We

are getting over this provincialism by degrees, and the portrait-painters are the first to feel the change. If you want to see how much better the American portrait-painters are than the foreign, you have only to go to the present exhibition of "Portraits of Women," and contrast the Millais, Bonnat, Chaplins, Madrazos, Cabanels, Munkacsys and Bonnats with the Hunts, Sargents, Thayers, Beaux', Eatons, Dewings, Chases and Cassatts.

AN INTERESTING FEATURE of this exhibition is the photographs taken from the paintings by Mr. James L. Breese. They are quite equal to those of the famous Braun of Paris, and have been pronounced even better by some excellent but perhaps too enthusiastic connoisseurs. Comparisons, however, are unnecessary in this case. It is enough that Mr. Breese's photographs deserve to be ranked with works of art. The one of Miss Edith Minturn, posed after French's Statue of the Republic, is, I believe, from life. The others are from paintings, and are certainly very beautiful. They are offered for sale in the room where they are exhibited. "What," I hear you exclaim, "ladies' photographs sold to anyone who wishes to buy?" No, not quite to everyone; for this condition goes with the fact—the purchaser must have the written permission of the original! American ladies are not yet sufficiently Europeanized to sell their photographs to strangers.

AN ENGLISH PHRENOLOGIST has been making a diagnosis of Mr. William Waldorf Astor's character. "His head," we are told, "is broad on the top and along the superior parietal region. It does not slope off at an angle of 45 degrees like an Australian native's"—as though anyone ever said that it did! Caution seems to be one of his strong points:—"He is shrewd and prudent; he is not a man to squander recklessly, or spend a pound where half that amount will answer the same purpose. His head indicates that he knows the value of money, and, although he will want twenty shillings to every pound, he will give it himself." He is, continues the phrenologist "candid without committing himself." Among the many excellent qualities that he possesses is "sympathy with the masses." As though a reservation were necessary after this statement, the phrenologist adds parenthetically, "perhaps not to the extent of a philanthropist." No, not quite, as I am sure the "masses" to whom he has denied the privilege of the Cliveden river-front will testify—a privilege that they enjoyed for centuries before Mr. Astor bought that famous old place.

THERE IS NO NONSENSE about science. It goes to the root of the matter and has a way of "sizing things up" as no amount of unsupported statement can do. Max Nordau, a German physician, author and journalist, long resident in Paris, recently published two volumes on "Degeneration," into which, as readers of *The Critic* will remember, he has put a large mass of evidence bearing upon the nervous diseases of the day, especially in their relation to modern phases of art and literature. He has thrown the searchlight of science with particular force upon certain schools of literature now flourishing in Paris and struggling for existence in England and the United States. Of the "Symbolists" he says that they "are characterized by unbounded vanity and self-sufficiency; they are highly emotional; their thinking is hazy and disconnected. They suffer from 'logorrhea,' or 'sickly talkativeness,' and are unable to perform any work which requires concentration and persistency. Many of them have no schooling; they are all ignorant men and of weak will. They cannot learn anything thoroughly because they lack systematic minds. According to well-known psychological laws, such minds deny the value of positive knowledge and proclaim the intuitive faculty supreme." They may talk about "free spirit," "artistic nature" and such cant, but they are "degenerate;" they are in a "neuropathic condition, and their place is in an asylum." There is great satisfaction in finding one's own opinions backed up by science!

MISS ELIZABETH BANKS has made quite a name for herself in London by her daring journalistic feats. In the interests of her paper she has swept crossings, hired out as a laundress and a parlor-maid, dressed as a flower-girl and sold posies in the streets, and passed herself off as an American heiress anxious to get into good society and to marry a title. Miss Banks has collected the accounts of her various adventures and published them in book-form, and all London, at least all that part of it which reads such literature, is agog at her temerity. What would they say to the young women-journalists of New York who, in the interests of their craft, walk Broadway in trousers, beg pennies on street-corners

from well-known men, take I don't know how many "volts" of electricity, or throw themselves in front of trolley cars, that they may write up the sensations of victims of that fatal motive power? The adventures of the London young woman-journalist (an American, by the way) were very mild compared with those of her fellow-craftswomen in New York. And yet someone has been inspired by them to write a play!

* * *

A GIFTED YOUNG woman—poet and prosier—sends me a line from the Adirondacks that makes me long for a long week's holiday from the desk's dead wood:—"I have been rowing and rambling and camping out, sleeping on a couch of balsam, in front of an all-night blaze: sensations, a cross between those of Christmas and Fourth o' July. By way of a return to civilization, I have dreamed of being in *The Critic* office and looking out a very long and very queer word in the dictionary. I have seen the wild duck and eagles on the wing, and Miss Jewett has handed me a letter from *The Critic*. This pleased me mightily (as Mr. ——— would say); for it was the first morning of her visit, with Mrs. Fields, to Miss ———, and I had not spoken with her, nor had any chance to tell her of the peculiar place that 'Deephaven' has always held in my heart."

London Letter

THE DEATH OF James Anthony Froude is a lamentable fact, which, long before these lines reach New York, will have been fully discussed and regretted in the American press. No word is needed here. Oxford has lost a worthy professor, literature a brilliant master. Certain defects of taste, both in conception and execution, it is impossible to deny in Froude: his judgment was not invariably stable, and his logic was occasionally unsupported by fact. But he possessed a talent which transcends the convenience of accuracy; he was able to view history as a living field of incident and character, not as a mere volume of dates and statistics. He had knowledge, and he had imagination; and, where the two worked together to the best effect, his brilliancy was indisputable. His successor will almost certainly be Mr. Samuel Rawson Gardner. There are whispers of other names—some suggest Mr. Frederic Harrison, others Mr. C. W. C. Oman. But Mr. Gardner is emphatically the man for the post, and it is scarcely possible that he will be passed by. A few weeks, in any case, will solve the question.

Another of the meteoric successes to which we have gradually become accustomed has been attained during the last few days by the author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," the volume of Scotch stories to which (it may be remembered) I have already made allusion in this column. The real name of "Ian Maclaren" is the Rev. John Maclaren Watson, and he is the minister of a Presbyterian Church in Liverpool—the Sefton Park Church. A Scotchman by descent, Mr. Watson was born at Manningtree in Essex, forty-four or forty-five years ago, and has held ministerial cures in Edinburgh, Glasgow and other north country towns. The success of his little book is undoubted. This success, of course, is of the dangerously sudden class; but during the last few months a steady, consistent increase in public attention has accompanied the productions of Mr. John Davidson, who, with a ballad in the new *Yellow Book*, is winning commendation from almost every school of critics. Mr. Davidson, in a word, is on the point of "arriving" at a conspicuous place among contemporary writers; and I, for one, shall not be surprised if a volume of verse which he will issue this autumn lands him above all his younger brothers. Mr. Davidson deserves, if ever there was desert, an emphatic success, for the enthusiasm and courage with which he has persisted in the path of literature have been very remarkable. It is impertinent to be personal, but Mr. Davidson—it may be said without offence—has probably had more disappointments than most, and has broken through obstacles with rarer pluck than any of his equals in age. He has remained, moreover, an exceedingly entertaining person, bubbling over with good humor and the spirit of fun, nobody's foe, most people's friend. He belongs to no clique, and has succeeded without log-rolling or stooping to conquer: he has the courage of his own opinion and the fear of no other man's, and on the few occasions on which the present writer has had the privilege of meeting him, he has been left with a vivid impression of the vivacity and depth of Mr. Davidson's imagination. If he achieves the success that is expected of him, it is safe to say that he will have a hundred friends to share his pleasure.

To-morrow night the new Gilbert opera, "His Excellency," is due at the Lyric Theatre, and the forecast of the plot proves it to

be much the same as foreshadowed in this column several weeks ago. Mr. Grossmith, "His Excellency," is the eccentric governor of Elsvore, who, by way of a joke, passes off as Regent a strolling musician picked up on the quay. The musician, however (Mr. Rutland Barrington), is actually the Regent in disguise. Mikado-like complications ensue, and "His Excellency" is eventually degraded to the rank of private soldier. The piece is said to be going capably at rehearsal. Apropos of its production, it occurred to a woman journalist, the Comtesse de Brémont, to write and offer to interview Mr. Gilbert for *St. Paul's*—an honest enough object, which, however, did not commend itself to Mr. Gilbert himself. Anxious to be free of the interviewer's importunity, and willing to be humorous, he wrote to say that his fee for interviews was 20*l*. In reply the lady sent a note, expressing the hope that she might live to write his obituary notice for nothing. Then Mr. Gilbert lost his temper, and sent the whole correspondence to *The Times*. It was rather a rash step, since, in the contest of bad taste, the author certainly fares no better than the journalist. After all, the whole thing only proves that even the wittiest may sometimes lack a sense of humor.

Mr. Jack T. Grein has determined to turn the Independent Theatre into a limited liability company. It appears from the prospectus that it has been found impossible to repay the cost of a single production, and under the new scheme it is proposed to play every piece for four or six nights, the first of which will be "close" to shareholders and critics. Each shareholder will be entitled to tickets in proportion to his holding, the prizes ranging from a box to a seat in the gallery. Mr. Grein is to be managing director, and his sole remuneration will be a residue of founders' shares. The capital is to be 4500 *l*., and the other permanent director will be Miss "Dorothy Leighton," the author of "As A Man Is Able" and "Disillusionment." Among the announcements for the forthcoming season is a play in three acts by Mr. William Heinemann, the well-known publisher, called "The First Step." This, I believe, is Mr. Heinemann's first venture into the field of creative literature, and it is rumored that the play will be characterized by a severity and accuracy of treatment unfamiliar to the English stage. I hear that there are only four characters in it, two men and two women, and that the whole action passes within twelve hours. As Mr. Heinemann has announced the play among his autumn publications, we may expect to have it in our hands some time before Christmas.

There have been two new plays produced during the present week. At the Court Mr. Burnand has an adaptation of Sardou's "Belle Maman," called "The Gay Widow," which is proving, it seems, a little too old-fashioned for the hour. At the Avenue Miss May Yohe has appeared, with much success, in a new musical comedy, "The Lady Slavey," which gives that clever young lady plenty of opportunity for the display of her spirit and versatility. To-night Mr. Willard ends his London season, which has been again and again prolonged owing to the unflagging popularity of "The Professor's Love Story," and to-morrow Mr. Hare reopens the Garrick with a renewed run of "Money," Mrs. Bancroft resuming her old part of Lady Franklin. I hear that at no distant date we may expect an English version of Sudermann's "Heimat," which Mr. George Alexander intends to produce at the St. James's soon after his return from his provincial tour. He is doing great business in the country with "The Masqueraders" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

Mr. W. T. Stead is about to repeat in London the experiment which he recently made in Chicago. He has invited all the representative men in town to a conference, to be held on Sunday at the Queen's Hall, on the subject, "If Christ came to London." The large room only holds 3000 people, so that he is admitting his guests by ticket. There is no charge for admission, nor will there be a collection. The ulterior object is the strengthening of the London Reform Union, under whose auspices the meeting is convened. Most of the tickets have already been applied for, and Mr. Stead anticipates an interesting audience.

LONDON, Oct. 27, 1894.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Boston Letter

IN A RECENT LETTER I mentioned the low prices at which some of the first editions of Dr. Holmes's books were selling, and I find by one of the typical sales of last week that the same prices hold with other works. One exquisite volume, printed on vellum, bearing the date 1520, and containing many beautiful miniatures in the best French style of art, consigned by Bernard Quaritch of London, sold for \$25.50; and that marked the highest price of the

morning sale. One of the interesting books to go under the hammer was Phyllis Wheatley's volume of "Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral," printed in London in 1773. You all remember that Phyllis Wheatley was the Negress who came to Boston from Africa in 1771, and about whose poetry George Washington and Thomas Jefferson differed. She died in Boston in 1874, after a varied life, beginning with freedom in Africa, slavery in Boston, a certain vogue in London, where she obtained the patronage of the Countess of Huntington, marriage to the colored "shop-keeper, journeyman baker, self-styled lawyer and physician," and, finally, poverty and death. Her book, handsomely bound, sold for \$4.50.

Conan Doyle's lectures were enjoyed here in Boston, and, as he was interviewed incessantly, he became pretty well known even to those outside the literary set. One of his most thoughtful acts here was to make a pilgrimage to Mount Auburn, where, representing the English Society of Authors, he placed upon the grave of Oliver Wendell Holmes a memorial tribute of palms tied with a purple ribbon and ornamented with English violets and roses, together with a card bearing this (written) inscription:—"From the Society of Authors (London), a token of reverence and of love, A Conan Doyle."

While I am writing of Dr. Holmes, I will add some extracts from a very interesting and discriminating tribute paid to his memory by the Rev. Dr. C. A. Bartol. Dr. Bartol spoke of meeting him on the road near his summer home and engaging him in a talk, which, as the preacher expressed it, seemed to be an echo of a conversation held some thousands of years ago and thousands of miles away, in which Christ, weary with his walk, sat down on the well at Sychar to talk of the worship in spirit and in truth. Dr. Holmes, resting in a gap in the wall, disclaimed conformity to any liberal or orthodox standard of faith, says Dr. Bartol, but agreed with his hearer that the creeds deal only with divine manifestations, God being the soul of the world. Though the Autocrat declared that questions concerning the divine essence were "imponderables" to be put into some spare room of his mind, yet he adored what he could not comprehend. Beyond the note of science in him, sentiment was the master-chord. I must quote word for word what Dr. Bartol further said about his friend, it is so generous and so true:—"No man ever gave more pleasure and less pain, reconciling truth with love, to turn the cross into a crown, with a rare and holy art at once both kind and sincere. Prince of geniality and generosity, his pleasure of being approved grew from his appreciation of others, and, as Edward Everett said of Nathan Hale, he loved his neighbor better than himself. From none did he withhold his eye. To no approach or presence was he blind. No importance was in his mien, and when his sight grew dim, and, as he said, 'those that look out of the windows were darkened,' he took pains to learn from his coachman about persons that passed, so that he might give and get the kindly salute. He failed not to inquire for another's health without referring to his own, and for whatever attention was shown him, with a warmer courtesy he gave thanks. His sportive word had always a sober sense. When he said he lived at Pride's Crossing on the level of humility, he was as serious as when he named his short creed 'Our Father,' and 'God the Soul of the World.' To teach wisdom without immodest pretension he used humor as the perfect way."

Probably no editor connected with the literature of England ever was more diligent in preparing his work for the public than was Birkbeck Hill of Oxford in collecting and copying the two volumes of Dr. Samuel Johnson's Letters. One, however, escaped him, although he refers to it on page 297 of Vol. I. of the recent edition of the Letters:—"In Messrs. Puttick & Simpson's Auction Catalogue of July 30, 1886, Lot 1109, is a letter of Johnson's, four pages, quarto, dated March 7, 1774, 'containing his ideas as to the laws of literary copyright.' This use of the word *ideas* Johnson would have censured. ('Life' III, 196"). By a strange chance I have been able to make a copy of this original letter of the good lexicographer. It was purchased by an American merchant, and is now in his collection of Johnsoniana. Thus it runs:—

"SIR:—I will tell you in a few words, what is, in my opinion, the most desirable state of copyright or literary property. The Author has a natural and peculiar right to the profits of his own work. But as every man who claims the protection of Society must purchase it by resigning some part of his natural right, the Author must recede from so much of his claim, as shall be deemed injurious or inconvenient to Society. It is inconvenient to Society that a useful book should become perpetual and exclusive property. The judgment of the Lords was therefore legally and politically right. But the Author's term of his natural right might without any inconvenience be protected beyond the term settled by the statute, and it is, I think, to be desired:

"1. That an Author should retain during his life the sole right of printing and selling his work. This is agreeable to moral right, and not inconvenient to the publick. For who will be so diligent as the Author to improve the book, or who can know so well how to improve it?

"2. That the Author be allowed by the present act to alienate his right only for fourteen years. A shorter time would not procure a sufficient price, and a longer would cut off all hope of future profit, and consequently all solicitude for correction or addition.

"3. That when after fourteen years the copyright shall revert to the Author, he be allowed to alienate it again only for seven years at a time. After fourteen years the value of the work will be known and it will be no longer bought at hazard. Seven years of possession will therefore have an assignable price. It is proper that the Author be always invited to polish and improve his work, by that prospect of recovering it which the shorter periods of alienation will afford him.

"4. That after the Author's death his work should continue an exclusive property, capable of bequest and inheritance, and of conveyance by gift or sale for thirty years. By these regulations a work may continue the property of the Author, or of those who claim for him, a term sufficient to reward the writer without any loss to the publick. In fifty years far the greater number of books are forgotten and annihilated, and it is for the advantage of learning that those which fifty years have not destroyed should become bona communia, so to be used by every scholar as he shall think best.

"In fifty years almost every book begins to require notes, either to explain forgotten allusions and obsolete words; or to suggest those discoveries which have been made by the gradual advancement of knowledge, or to correct those mistakes which time may have discovered.

"Such notes cannot be written to any useful purpose without the text, and the text will frequently (?) be inspected while it is any man's property.

"I am, Sir, Your humble servant,

SAM JOHNSON."

This is a literal copy, and if, in one or two clauses, the meaning is a little obscure, the learned author is to blame. No address is on the sheet, but it was probably written to William Strahan.

BOSTON, Nov. 6, 1894.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

Chicago Letter

SO NUMEROUS are the clubs in the present decade that it would seem to be impossible to construct one upon a novel plan. And yet an entirely new idea was evolved at a little dinner some time ago in this city, and the fruits of this conference are now almost ready for gathering. The first name suggested for the organization was the "Anne Bradstreet Club," in honor of the first American poetess; but as, upon investigation, the members discovered that she was neither an American nor a poet, the name was abandoned. The title that was then invented by one of the members, and adopted by the others, was far more suggestive and appropriate. "The Duodecimos" are twelve, and no more than four members are allowed to any one city. These are carefully chosen from among the most devoted lovers of books as books—combinations, that is, of paper, type and printer's ink. The rare and precious in books appeal to these twelve good men and true, but they have the æsthetic sense, too, and anything printed in these latter days must be well done, if it would please their fastidious fancy.

Mr. Francis Wilson, the actor, is President of the Club. His taste in the matter of books is too well known to need emphasizing. Two of the members belong to New York, and Chicago is the only city which has the honor of containing four. But the object of "The Duodecimos" is not only to enjoy books, but to produce them, and the world will therefore be the richer. Their favors are not widespread, however, for the first book they are to publish is to be limited to 144 copies in duodecimo size, each member to have the disposal of twelve. And so carefully has the secret been spread among the elect and guarded from all others, that every copy of the coming book has already been promised. Its publication will be a notable event, for it will contain the first facsimile reproduction of "Poor Richard's Almanack." The work is to be done by the De Vinne Press in New York, and the Almanack is to be printed on paper which was made in the eighteenth century, found for this purpose with some difficulty. It will be printed, too, from an old hand-press, and ink-balls will be used in the primitive manner. In addition to this photo-engraved reproduction, the book will contain an introduction written by the Hon. John Bigelow, printed on new American hand-made paper, watermarked with the cleverly designed devices of "The Duodecimos." The type for this preface was modelled after one of the earliest of American modern types, and cast especially for this book. The whole will be bound with proper simplicity, in boards, and it will be illustrated with fourteen portraits of Benjamin Franklin. The

frontispiece is after the familiar pastel portrait by Duplessis, now etched for the first time, by Mr. T. Johnson. The others, printed on Japan paper, are reproductions, by the Bierstadt artotype process, of portraits of Franklin at different ages, and it is interesting to trace in this series of portraits the changes which increasing years brought upon it. The first shows him at the age of twenty, and is from the original now at Harvard, said to have been painted in London in 1726. It is a fine, alert, intellectual young face. But the most delightful of them are from the artistic miniature by Thouron, now in the Louvre; from the bust by Houdon, which has a wealth of humor in the mobile mouth and the kindly eyes; and from the painting by Stephen Elmer, now in the Metropolitan Museum, which must show the statesman to the life, so vivid and full of character is it. No effort has been spared to make the notes which accompany these portraits accurate, and the reproductions themselves have a certain richness of beauty.

The copy of "Poor Richard's Almanack" given in facsimile in this volume, is the first one issued by Dr. Franklin, and is now owned by the Pennsylvania Historical Society at Philadelphia. It was published in 1732, and so successful was it that Franklin continued the publication annually until 1758. In the Almanack of that year he reprinted many of the best things that had appeared in the earlier issues, and ended his connection with "Poor Richard." In the course of their researches for the present book, "The Duodecimos" found a second copy of the Almanack for 1733, and one for 1734, but they have been unable to discover a copy of the number for 1735. In his introduction Mr. Bigelow speaks of the extraordinary fame which this queer little periodical enjoyed, and says that "with the exception of the Bible and Mother Goose, this annual has probably had a wider circulation and more readers than any other one publication in the English, or, indeed, in any other language." An advertisement of the first number, which became immediately popular, appeared in *The Pennsylvania Gazette* for December 19 to 28, 1732, and reads as follows:—

"Just Published, for 1733: POOR RICHARD: AN ALMANACK containing the Lunations, Eclipses, Planets, Motions and Aspects, Weather, Sun and Moon's rising and setting, Highwater, &c., besides many pleasant and witty Verses, Jests, and Sayings, Author's Motive of Writing, Prediction of the Death of his Friend, Mr. Titan Leeds, Moon no Cuckold, Bachelor's Folly, Parson's Wine and Baker's Pudding, Short Visits, Kings and Bears, New Fashions, Game for Kisses, Katherine's Love, Different Sentiments, Signs of a Tempest, Death is a Fisherman, Conjugal Debate, Men and Melons, II. The Prodigal, Breakfast in Bed, Oyster Lawsuit, &c. By RICHARD SAUNDERS, Philomat. Printed and sold by B. Franklin, Price 3s. 6d. per dozen. Of whom also may be had Sheet Almanacks at 2s. 6d."

In Franklin's autobiography a few paragraphs only are devoted to the Almanack.

"I endeavor'd to make it," he says in his stately way, "both entertaining and useful, and it accordingly came to be in such demand, that I reaped considerable profit from it, vending annually near ten thousand. And observing that it was generally read, scarce any family in the province being without it, I consider'd it as a proper vehicle for conveying instruction among the common people, who bought scarcely any other books; I therefore filled all the little spaces that occur'd between the remarkable days in the calendar with proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality, as the means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue; it being more difficult for a man in want to act always honestly, as, to use here one of those proverbs, it is hard for an empty sack to stand upright."

Mr. Bigelow attributes the instantaneous success of the Almanack to the "exquisitely humorous way in which Dr. Franklin disposed of his chief rival or competitor in the almanac business—one Titan Leeds." In the preface to the first number he professes, in his assumed character of a poverty-stricken astrologer, great admiration for this friend, whom he is "extremely unwilling to hurt." He is only led to compete with him by a deplorable discovery made through his scientific researches. "But this Obstacle," he says of his regard for Mr. Leeds in the famous preface " (I am far from speaking of it with Pleasure) is soon to be removed, since inexorable Death, who was never known to respect Merit, has already prepared the mortal Dart; the fatal Sister has already extended her destroying Shears, and that ingenious Man must soon be taken from us." He proceeds to give a precise prediction of the hour of his death, which, he says, differs from Mr. Titan Leeds's own calculation by a few days only. And as the unfortunate event is certain to occur within a few months, Poor Richard feels that no obligations of friendship bind him to refrain from publishing a rival almanac. So ingenious was the idea and so cleverly was it handled, that it is not strange that the pam-

phlet was successful; and the controversy that followed, resulting from the fact that Poor Richard's opponent took him very seriously, was delightfully comical—very heavy on the one side and sparkling on the other. In his Almanack for 1734, Poor Richard answers the solemn denial of Mr. Leeds by repeating the prediction he had made, and adding:—

"At which of these Times he died, or whether he be really yet dead, I cannot at this present Writing positively assure my Readers; forasmuch as a Disorder in my own Family demanded my Presence. * * * Therefore it is that I cannot positively affirm whether he be dead or not; for the Stars only show to the Skillful what will happen in the natural and universal Chain of Causes and Effects; but 'tis well known that the Events which would otherwise certainly happen at certain Times, in the Course of Nature, are sometimes set aside or pos'tpon'd, for wise and good Reasons, by the immediate particular Disposition of Providence; which particular Dispositions the Stars can by no means discover or foreshow. There is, however, (and I cannot speak it without Sorrow) there is the strongest Probability that my dear Friend is no more; for there appears in his Name, as I am assured, an Almanack for the Year 1734, in which I am treated in a very gross and unhandsome Manner."

Poor Richard then proceeds to tell his readers that Mr. Leeds was "too well bred to use any man so indecently and so scurrilously," and describes his affection for him and his many fine qualities in so benignant a fashion, that his competitor was entirely outwitted. "These valuable Qualifications," he writes in closing, "with many others, so much endear'd him to me, that although it should be so, that, contrary to all Probability, contrary to my Prediction and his own, he might possibly be yet alive, yet my Loss of Honour as a Prognosticator cannot afford me so much Mortification, as his Life, Health, and Safety would give me Joy and Satisfaction." The controversy was continued, as Mr. Bigelow relates, for another year, Franklin's ingenuity increasing with his opportunities. But Mr. Leeds finally realized that he was the under dog in the fight and remained silent on the subject; and his magnanimous antagonist allowed him to rest in peace. It is good now and then to recall such little courtesies as these, for we are too much inclined to arrogate all cleverness to our own generation. "The Duodecimos" notable volume, which will be issued in a few weeks, will therefore serve a beneficent purpose.

CHICAGO, Nov. 6, 1894.

LUCY MONROE.

"The New England Conscience"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Reading a recent *Critic* review of some New England novel, I am reminded that the tradition of "The New England Conscience" is still vital. Tradition has more lives than a cat, is harder to kill than the chopped worm that crawls away in sections to grow new heads and tails at its leisure. New England novelists are continually supplying new heads and tails to this tradition; no wonder that in the hands of the Jewetts, Wilkines & Co. it refuses to die. Hawthorne started this literary tradition. The nature of that unworldly romancer saw not the facts but the fictions of spiritual existence, and to him any world, even the world of Rome and Paris, must turn upon conscience, or not turn at all. The "conscience" was in him. Mrs. Stowe was of a race whose business was the belaboring of consciences, hence she saw New England only through the same blurred eyes. Thus the tradition got its growth, the convention its form, for every story-teller to add to, and every outside-of-New-Englander, as *The Critic* is, firmly to believe in. The truth is, that the New England conscience is a sham, a dismal fraud. It is mere hypocrisy, that of the rural districts differing from that of the towns only in being sour where the other is smug. I am a New Englander, born and bred from two centuries and a half of New England puritanism. Therefore I speak with quite as much authority as anybody when I utterly deny the "New England conscience" as else than a purely literary convention and tradition. In my birthplace in Maine, during my maturity in Massachusetts, I never saw a throb more of conscience than I see in English people of the same class, in the French and German peasantry, in the shopkeepers of Western villages, the farm people of the Middle States. My father and mother were notable instances of "Conscience" to the outward eye: to me they were hypocrites, although unconsciously such. I regard as hypocrites all who sacrifice everything to good moral repute, who live, move and have their being, as most New Englanders do, in a good reputation. If anybody ever had a right to a heritage of New England "conscience," I had. But I had to leave New England to know conscience as a moving spring of life-long action. I

never knew it there. Of course, I except great moral movements, such as anti-slavery and others in which much mere enthusiasm of temperament cloaks itself as conscience, and much has really a right to the name. But in individuals in New England there is no more conscience than there is south of Mason and Dixon's line.

LONDON, ENG., Sept. 18, 1894.

NEW ENGLANDER.

A Yellow Bore

ONE IS BEGINNING to dread the coming around of the quarters of the year. Not because they mark the flight of time, but because they announce the coming of *The Yellow Book*. To know that every three months we are to have our peace of mind disturbed by the appearance of this strange compound of insolence and the commercial spirit has now, with the third number, become little less than a bore. At first we were amused; then, with the second number, we felt a mild curiosity to see if the editors could repeat their absurdities; they did, and so curiosity was satisfied. Now we have no other emotion save that of boredom in seeing Aubrey Beardsley's and Max Beerbohm's agonized vulgarities. In their efforts to attract attention with the current issue of their Quarterly, the editors have stepped over the boundary line of decency. Where is Mrs. Ormiston Chant that she does not have the work suppressed? Mr. Beardsley's "Wagnerites" and Mr. Beerbohm's "George IV." are more indecent than any "living pictures" that were ever exhibited in a public hall. These young men are evidently determined to see if they cannot be suppressed into notoriety, as were Oscar Wilde and George Moore. It is one thing to be indecent and another to be dull. This number of *The Yellow Book* is both, and we confess that we are very bored of Mr. Beardsley and Mr. Beerbohm. If the former looks like his portrait of himself, and if he sleeps in a catafalque, as he represents himself as doing, one is not surprised that he dreams bad dreams—the only surprise is that he should put them on paper. Mr. Beardsley speaks by the card when he says that "tous les monstres ne sont pas en Afrique."

Philip Gilbert Hamerton

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON, who died suddenly at Boulogne-sur-Seine, on Monday last, was born at Laneside, Lancashire, on Sept. 10, 1834. He received his early education at Burnley and Doncaster, and went to Paris in 1855, to study painting and literature. In 1857 he settled at Loch Awe, but returned to France in 1861, to live at Sons, Autun and Boulogne-sur-Seine till the end of his days. Mr. Hamerton's influence in art has been potent, and is likely to be enduring. His strong commonsense, his gospel of light from all sources on every phase of the subjects on which he wrote, and his belief that art is meant to be understood, and can be understood, by all the world, not by specialists and artists alone, combined with his clear, direct style, have carried his books among the cultivated of all classes. Early in life Mr. Hamerton began to write, his first printed work being a series of papers on "Rome in 1849," written for *The Historic Times*. He wrote, also, for *The Saturday Review*, *The Fortnightly* and other periodicals. *The Portfolio* was founded by him in 1869. His principal works are "Observations of Heraldry" (1851), "The Isles of Loch Awe, and Other Poems of My Youth" (1855), "A Painter's Camp in the Highlands" and "Thoughts About Art" (1862), "Contemporary French Painters" (1867), "Painting in France After the Decline of Classicism" and "Etching and Etchers" (1868), "Wenderholme," a novel (1869), "The Unknown River: an Etcher's Voyage of Discovery" (1870), "The Etcher's Hand-Book" (1871), "The Intellectual Life" and "Chapters on Animals" (1873), "Examples of Modern Etching" (1874), "Harry Blount" (1875), "Round My House: Notes of Rural Life in France in Peace and War" (1875), "The Sylvan Year" (1876), "Marmorne" and "Modern Frenchmen" (1878), "The Life of J. M. W. Turner, R. A." (1879), "The Graphic Arts" (1882), "Human Intercourse" and "Paris in Old and Present Times" (1884), "Landscape" (1885), "Imagination in Landscape Painting" (1886), "The Saône: a Summer Voyage" (1887), "Portfolio Papers" (1888), "French and English" (1889), "Man in Art" and "The Present State of the Fine Arts in France" (1892) and "Drawing and Engraving" (1893).

THE University of Chicago proposes to publish an astronomical journal, under the editorship of Profs. George E. Hale and James E. Keeler, the latter of Allegheny University.

A Famous Persian Scholar

FRANCE HAS LOST a distinguished *savant*, and Iranian philology one of its most famous scholars, in the death, announced in last week's *Critic*, of James Darmesteter, Professor of the Persian Language and Literature at the Collège de France. He died on Friday, Oct. 19, at his country residence, Pavillon du Nord, Maison Lafitte, near Paris, in the forty-sixth year of his age. His name is destined in the future for a place beside Anquetil du Perron and Eugène Burnouf in the temple of fame reared to Avestan scholarship in France; and in life Darmesteter shared with the great German scholar, Geldner of Berlin, the honor of being the most eminent student recently at work in the field of Zoroastrianism.

James Darmesteter was born in Meurthe, France, on March 28, 1849, of Jewish parents; and he received his education at the Lycée Bonaparte, in Paris. At the age of seventeen he had won honors in university competition, and in 1868 graduated in letters. He studied law, but did not practice that profession, as he was attracted to Oriental philology, which he began to study in 1872, with Michel Bréal and Abel Bergaigne as his teachers. In 1877 he was appointed to give instruction in the Avesta, at the École des Hautes Études, and in 1881 he was honored with the Secretaryship of the Société Asiatique de Paris. Four years later he was called to the Chair of Persian Language and Literature which he occupied at the time of his death. Among the distinctions which were bestowed upon him for his services to learning was a membership in the Legion of Honor, given him in 1888; and only a year ago, his last great work, the translation of the Zend-Avesta, which appeared in three volumes (Paris, 1893-94), was crowned with the Volney Prize of 20,000 francs, as the most important contribution of French scholarship within the past decade. Some idea of the facility of his genius and of the readiness of his gifted pen may be gathered from a list of his principal works. His first memoir, "Haurvatat et Ameretat," an essay on the mythology of the Avesta, was judged worthy of a diploma of merit at the Institute of France in 1875. This was followed, in 1877, by a study of the ancient Persian idea of God and Devil, entitled "Ormazd et Ahriman," and by a dissertation "De Verbo Litino Dare." His first translation of the Avesta, lacking a third part, appeared in English in Max Müller's "Sacred Books of the East," vols. v, xxxi, (1880-83). In 1883 he published his "Essais Orientaux" and the "Études Iraniques," which Geldner called "epoche-machend." The field of Islamism then for a brief period attracted his attention, and in 1885 he wrote a brochure, entitled "Le Mahdi depuis les Origines de l'Islam jusqu'à Nos Jours," which appeared contemporaneously in English as "The Mahdi Past and Present."

In 1886 he was sent by the French Government on a philological mission to the East, and visited Afghanistan and India. Among other fruits of his year's residence in the Orient was a work on the "Chants Populaires des Afghans" (1888-90), in which he gave to the world a valuable collection of the folk-songs of that people. His next work was of a religious character, "Les Prophètes d'Israël" (1892), and it attracted especial attention from the theologians, as did, also, the introductory essay to the third volume of his recent French translation of the Avesta (published in the Musée Guimet series in 1893), in which he attempts to show the presence of Neoplatonic ideas in certain parts of the Gathas or Avestan psalms. Beside his professional duties as a teacher, Darmesteter found time to serve as co-editor of one of the literary reviews of France—a position for which his style, his talents and his taste well qualified him. From his pen has come, also, a work on Shakespeare's "Macbeth," and he is likewise known as the French translator of Max Müller's "Origin and Growth of Religion."

James Darmesteter was a scholar of lively imagination, which carried him, however, sometimes further than other scholars in the same field were willing to follow him; the wide breadth of his learning was acknowledged on every side; he was characterized, furthermore, by a mental activity and productiveness which were as remarkable as they were indefatigable, and by a brain which was as vigorous and creative as his body was frail and delicate. Gentle, modest, shy and retiring, his personality would not be forgotten by one who had ever had the fortune to see him, either at his home in Paris, or at the sylvan retreat of his little château at Maison Lafitte, whither he withdrew during vacations with his wife, the charming English poet, Mary Robinson. Like his distinguished brother, Arsène Darmesteter, who became famous in Romance philology, although he was called away by death before he had reached the age of forty, James Darmesteter, of cherished memory in Iranian philology, died too soon.

A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON.

The Fine Arts

The Metropolitan Museum

THE NEW NORTH WING of the Metropolitan Museum, formally opened on Monday, architecturally balances the opposite wing, but the building can never look really well until the central portion is completely surrounded and masked by new galleries. As there is no doubt that such galleries could be filled, were they now in existence, it is to be hoped that money will soon be forthcoming with which to erect them, and to finish the edifice in the handsome and dignified style of the new additions. The interior arrangements of this wing are excellent. It is built around a small court, by which means an abundance of light is obtained on both floors. Monday being a rainy day, the lighting was severely tested, yet



there was nothing to complain of. Downstairs the additional space is divided, by screens, into rooms in which to display casts of Egyptian, Assyrian, Persian, archaic Greek and classic Greek antiquities, to which are added a number of reproductions of bronzes from Herculaneum. Upstairs, the divisions are permanent. The collection of musical instruments, part of which was previously shown on the lower floor, now occupies two of the upstairs rooms. There is a room of "miscellaneous objects," which contains, among other small collections, the valuable Coudert gift of tapestries and embroideries, and a cast of the Chaldean flood tablet presented by Johns Hopkins University, which is curiously out of place here, among fragments of Pompeian frescoes and Italian reliefs in glazed earthen-ware, old brasses and Limoges enamels. One room is devoted to ivories, mostly Japanese, the carved handles of a fine collection of knives and forks presented by Mr. Rutherford Stuyvesant being the principal exception. In a room devoted to European porcelains and pottery, the most remarkable collections are of Hispano-Moresque and Italian lustrated faïences. Among the latter are several pieces from the Castellani and Fontaines collections. There are, also, in this room good specimens of Palissy ware, old Delft, and English, German and French porcelains. A room is given to fans and fabrics—the latter being mostly ecclesiastical embroideries,—and another to laces. In the new Japanese rooms, containing the Phoenix, Smith and Colman collections, the

most important things are the Colman collection of faïences, which includes capital specimens of old Kioto, Taketori, Seto and other wares, and the screens with drawings of monkeys by Sosen, and of eagles by Kiosai. Sosen is the man of whom it is related that he spent years in the forest near Osaka, living with monkeys and adopting their mode of life, the better to be able to paint them. He far outdid Mr. Garner, if reports be true, in his devotion to study, yet it is not recorded that he understood the monkeys' speech, though he certainly did their manners. The Chinese porcelains, formerly displayed in the gallery, are now in a room by themselves. The Moore collection has been rearranged, and so has the "gold room," which is now lighted from two sides and hung with crimson damask. There is a room of arms and armor, and one of engravings and etchings. All the changes are decidedly for the better, and, with a little more work in the same direction, bringing together similar objects, a beginning might be made of a museum arranged for study and not merely for amusement.

Portraits of Women

THE LOAN EXHIBITION of portraits of women at the National Academy of Design may be looked at from several points of view. It will here be regarded as an exhibition of pictures. There are portraits by "old masters," by modern masters, and by "early American painters." We do not see why these latter should not rank as old masters: they are old enough, and they are vastly better than the majority of the pictures that are classed under that designation. It were only mock modesty not to pronounce a similar judgment as to the modern pictures. Whatever the cause, the foreign painters of note whose works are exhibited are, with a few exceptions, very badly represented. They appear to have taken no interest in their subjects, and, in most cases, might have painted as well from lay figures. M. Carolus Duran has put off one unfortunate lady with what he may have considered the value of her money in red paint. M. Léon Bonnat's portraits are lessons in how *not* to paint a background. M. Dagnan-Bouveret's portrait, No. 89, is a discord in purple and pink. M. Jules Lefebvre's portrait of Mrs. Herbert is beautifully drawn and pleasing in tone, but the other examples of his work are far beneath his ability. Of the few English painters represented, the late Sir Edwin Landseer, curiously enough, shines out with a very clever little painting, hardly to be considered a portrait, of an "Actress" in voluminous yellow skirts and black mantilla. That accomplished person, Sir Frederick Leighton, is at his decent best in his portrait of Miss Dorothy Dene; but Sir John Everett Millais is surely at his worst in his utterly uninteresting portrait of Miss Vanderbilt.

Mr. John S. Sargent's portraits cannot be said to be uninteresting. He is not only, what he is usually pronounced to be, an extremely clever artist: he is an acute, though not always kindly, analyst of character. If we were writing French, and not English, we might accuse him of painting with a scalpel. But no one can charge him with dullness. He has here nine portraits, every one a masterpiece. The most beautiful, as a painting, is that of Mrs. Wilton Phipps, a half-length, in a white dress barred with black, with a few pink azaleas in the corsage. For the painting of expression, there is nothing in the exhibition to compare with his portrait of Miss Elizabeth Chanler; and his portraits "of a Lady" (No. 257), of Mrs. Francis D. Millet and Mrs. H. Galbraith Ward would be, of themselves, sufficient to place him among the great painters of this century. The single example of Mr. Whistler, a full-length of a young lady in a grey riding-dress, is as exquisitely refined, restful and simple as Mr. Sargent's works are brilliant and incisive. Mr. W. M. Chase is represented by, among other works, his excellent painting of a lady standing, in white shawl and black gown; "Mrs. C.," and by a seated full-length portrait of "Mrs. X.," one of the most successful things as an "arrangement" in the exhibition. Mr. Benjamin C. Porter has a somewhat showy portrait of "Julien Gordon"; the late William M. Hunt, his delightful standing portraits of Mrs. R. M. Hunt and of "a Lady" in gray with red ribbons. By Mr. Winslow Homer there is a little "Portrait Study," very low in tone; by Mr. Thomas W. Dewing, two charming heads, Mrs. Stanford White and Mrs. Devereux Emmet. Miss Cecilia Beaux, Miss Cassatt, Miss Sears and Mrs. Sherwood hold up the standard of the women portrait-painters. Mr. Herbert Adams has a pretty bas-relief in bronze, and Mr. A. St. Gaudens a bronze relief of Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer and a portrait medallion in marble.

Large spaces on the walls are covered with "old masters." They are of all sorts, from Mr. Jeausup's splendid Rembrandt to such things as can be had by the cartload, almost for the asking. There are pastels attributed to Louise Elizabeth Vigée-Lebrun; a

portrait attributed to Vandyck; specimens, not all bad, of the French seventeenth-century school; portraits committed by painters unknown, the sport of time and of British bayonets. On the other hand, there are examples of Gilbert Stuart, of George Romney, of Sir Peter Lely, John Hoppner, Gainsborough, Copley, Allston and Sir Joshua Reynolds; and a number of copies of pastels that might easily pass for originals, by M. J. Wells Champney. These last are after celebrated originals by Jean Marc Nattier, Boucher and Mme. Vigée-Lebrun. Most of the really good examples have been seen in New York before. Mr. Jessup's Rembrandt, a portrait of the wife of Burgomaster Six, her pleasant round face set in a deep white frill, is unquestionably the most important. But the portrait of Nell Gwynne, by Lely, owned by Mr. Winthrop Chanler, is an excellent thing in its slighter and more conventional manner. The celebrated beauty wears what we suppose is the Royal Stuart tartan, fastened by a brooch on her left shoulder. She looks sideways at the spectator out of her small, bright eyes, and her long, delicate features are framed by masses of curly, chestnut hair. There is considerable similarity in type of face between this and the portrait of Oliver Cromwell's daughter, Mrs. Claypole, also by Lely, but the likeness is probably due in great part to the painter's manner. The portrait of Mrs. Claypole shows a very young woman in blue, on a terrace, near what may have been intended for a bay tree set in a stone vase. The three Reynoldses shown are even more conventional in manner than the Lelys. Miss Hewitt's full-length of a lady, dressed as a muse, and inscribing some verse, or probably a name, on the bark of a tree, is the best, though very slightly painted. The drawing has a good deal of character, and the tones of brown, olive and dull yellow make a pleasing harmony. Mr. Marquand's Romney, the well-known portrait of Mrs. Wells, with a huge hat and fur muff, striped gown and apron, seated under a tree, is a capital example of the painter. Of several studies of heads by Greuze, we prefer that belonging to Miss Hewitt. Among Mr. Einstein's old masters there are specimens of the younger and elder Pourbus; and an "unknown's" "Lady of the time of Louis XIII," not quite so well preserved, but a decidedly better painting than either. Finally, Mr. Chase's young girl in white and black with red ribbons, by Cuyt (not the celebrated painter of cattle and landscapes, but his father and teacher), may claim a glance at the last moment, if the visitor would have uppermost in his memory a vision of something bright, calm and thoroughly well painted.

There is a large and interesting show of miniatures, which includes, it is said, many forgeries; and in a little room downstairs are excellent carbon prints of some of the masterpieces of the exhibition. The show will close on the twenty-fourth of this month. The proceeds will be given to two estimable institutions, the St. John's Guild and the Orthopaedic Hospital.

Art Notes

AN EXHIBITION of Du Maurier's original drawings for "Trilby" will be held at Avery's gallery during the three weeks beginning Nov. 17. At the close of the exhibition the drawings will be sold at private sale, unless it is decided later on to dispose of them by auction. They belong to Mr. Du Maurier, and will be sold for his benefit. "Trilby" has done well by her creator.

—From Dec. 6 to 27 the Grolier Club will exhibit a collection of historical bindings gleaned from the libraries of its members. The catalogue is now being prepared. Among these treasures will be fifteen books from the collection of Jean Grolier; eight from that of Thomas Maioli, thirty from that of Mme. de Pompadour; eight from that of Diane de Poitiers, forming an almost perfect sequence from the libraries of the French monarchs from Francis I. to Louis XIII., as well as many of the English kings and queens, and others bearing the stamps of Louise de La Vallière, Anne of Austria, Maria de' Medici, Marie Antoinette, Marie Leczinska, the great Earl of Leicester, De Thou, Richelieu, Mazarin, Colbert and others. There will not be less than three hundred specimens in this exhibition, and there may be more.

—A varied and interesting display of paintings, drawings, etchings and lithographs by Mr. Robert J. Wickenden is to be seen at Keppel's Gallery until Nov. 13. The artist is a native of England, but came to America at an early age. He has studied under Mr. J. C. Beckwith and Mr. W. M. Chase, and also in the Paris École des Beaux-Arts. For some years past he has been residing at Auvers, near Paris, and many of his studies are of the neighboring scenery. Views of the Oise, a study of Daubigny's old house-boat, farm and woodland scenes are the subjects of numerous sketches and studies in water-colors and oils. There are, also, portraits in

oils of Mr. P. G. Hamerton, M. Mercier the etcher, and Mr. Keppel. But, though endowed with a good sense of color, Mr. Wickenden's most delightful work is in black-and-white. His lithographs, in particular, evince both individual feeling and thorough study. He is sure of an honored place in the little band of artists who are trying to rescue the art of lithography from the low position to which it has sunk.

—The "Portfolio Monograph" for October is an historical account of "Bookbinding in France," by William T. Fletcher, which is chiefly remarkable for the eight plates in colors and the thirty-one half-tone illustrations of bindings with which it is adorned. The color plates show good examples of the handsome and severe Grolier style, the charming *fanfares* attributed to Clovis Eve, the *pointillé* style of Le Gascon, the *dentelles* and the mosaics of the last century. Among the books figured are volumes that have belonged to Grolier, de Thou, Henry II., Catherine de' Medici, Henry IV., Marguerite de Valois, Pierresc, Colbert, Madame de Pompadour and other famous collectors.

The Drama

"Studies of the Stage"

By Brander Matthews. Harper & Brothers.

THERE ARE FEW WRITERS more conversant with the history and literature of the contemporaneous theatre than Mr. Brander Matthews, and in this attractive little volume he discusses in pleasant and gossiping fashion upon a number of topics connected more or less closely with the footlights. "Studies" is rather an ambitious word, perhaps, to apply to some of these discursive essays, which are more valuable for the facts that they contain than for the opinions they express; but as they are written vivaciously and offer a variety of information in convenient form, few readers will be disposed to quarrel with the title. It is in his anecdotal, descriptive and biographical passages that Mr. Matthews is most instructive and authoritative. His facts, as a rule, may be accepted without hesitation, but some of his deductions are curious, especially for a professional critic. Upon the whole, the two papers upon Francisque Sarcey and Jules Lemaitre are the best in the collection, showing, as they do, an intimate acquaintance with the character, tastes and abilities of the two men, and a discriminating sense of the differences in their styles and mental attitudes. His commendations, at times, may be rather too sweeping, but the general impression which he conveys is that of justice and accuracy. On the subject of the dramatization of novels, he has nothing particularly new to say. It would be strange, indeed, if he had, for there is practically only one side to the question, and all argument upon it was exhausted long ago. In the strict sense of the word, no novel has ever been dramatized successfully. Of course, everybody knows that a number of plays, founded upon certain incidents in popular novels, have enjoyed prolonged public favor, but scarcely one of them can rightfully be called a dramatization, and few possess real literary or dramatic value. In fact, the more closely the play follows the novel, the less likely is it to achieve theatrical success, owing to the obvious fact that what is meant to be read is one thing, and what is fit to be acted, another. Mr. Matthews enforces the truth by a series of illustrations, and then proceeds to assert, somewhat dogmatically, that the drama is "really the noblest form of literature." The array of superlatives is imposing, but this wholesale relegation of all undramatic prose and poetry to the second place will scarcely be allowed to pass without protest. Another curious dictum of Mr. Matthews's is that the development of the modern newspaper has had an injurious effect upon the modern stage. If this be true at all, it is true only to a limited extent. The press, certainly, has aided the theatre by advertising it, while the better part of it has been prompt to recognise and encourage merit in both plays and players. Moreover, some of the best dramatic work of later days has been done by writers who received their first training in newspaper offices. Mr. Matthews himself speaks of the improvement in dramatic art distinctly visible on both sides of the Atlantic, and newspapers never played a more important part in everyday life than they do now.

In another place the author declares that the dramatic critic does not see the play itself, but only the performance; and, again, that in "the light of the lamps a play has quite another complexion from that it bears in the library. Passages pale and dull, it may be, when read coldly by the eye, are lighted by the inner fire of passion when presented in the theatre." Here, surely, is a confusion of ideas. The performance not only helps the critic to appreciate the play, but prevents him from doing so. As a mat-

ter of fact, the professed critic who cannot discern the merits or faults of a play independently of the work of the performers, is nothing but a pretender. As to the reader, it is a trite remark that imagination, of no extraordinary power, can suggest effects which no managerial or histrionic skill can realise. All competent critics agree that the rarest masterpieces of dramatic genius defy the supremest efforts of theatrical interpretation. Mr. Matthews's familiarity with the French theatre is displayed amply in his essay on Shakespeare and Molière and the effect of their writings upon modern English comedy, but some of his arguments are more curious than conclusive. But, as he says, a good deal depends upon the point of view, and his point of view is Gallic. When he enumerates results he is interesting and accurate, but his inferences are apt to be confusing and superficial. In his plea for farce he knocks down a straw man of his own creation. Nobody objects to wholesome, fun-producing farce, as farce, even when it is a little extravagant. The man who can make his fellow-creatures forget their cares in a gust of irresistible laughter is a public benefactor. There are degrees in farce, as in everything else, but farce, whose very essence is exaggeration, is wholly foreign to the spirit and intent of comedy. In talking of the Players' Club, Charles Lamb and kindred topics, Mr. Matthews is quite at home, and his book full of entertainment.

Music

The New Operetta

IT IS EXTREMELY difficult to tell just what the composite public of New York would like to have in the way of operetta. Whenever a librettist endeavors to be literary, he runs into the danger of falling between two evils. Either he writes lines whose humor is too delicate to "bridge the awful chasm of the footlights," or he follows the lead of Mr. Gilbert. If he does not attempt to be literary, he is treated with a sort of contemptuous pity by the critics. When Harry B. Smith set out to write the libretto of "Rob Roy," which was produced at the Herald Square Theatre on Monday evening, he plainly sought to provide amusement for the general public by dressing some familiar stage types in Scotch costume and dialect, both of which are susceptible of humorous treatment along the border-line between operetta and extravaganza. He aimed at making a romantic background for his foolery by introducing the story of the Pretender and Flora McDonald, and by connecting the picturesque Rob Roy with the incidents of it. Mr. Smith did his work very well. His book is utterly devoid of literature, but it is very good stage craft. The fun is not of a high order, but it is fun, for all that. The story is interesting and is told in a series of brisk and attractive scenes. With the greatest deference for certain opinions already published, it must be said that any person who finds this libretto complex or difficult of comprehension must be remarkably dense.

The Prince has been reduced to a mere figure, obviously because his representative is a German and cannot be entrusted with much English speech. Flora is more of a personage. The three comic Scotchmen are all delightful. The Mayor, who remembers his Scotch dialect only when the Scotch are triumphant, is a most engaging coward; and the town-crier, who is certain of his distinguished lineage and regards himself as a "deevil among the weemen," is a cheering fool. And they are admirably impersonated by Richard Carroll and Joseph Herbert.

Mr. De Koven's music is generally artistic, always spirited, and as a rule fluent enough in melody to tickle the popular ear, though it may not haunt the memory. If the melodies were shorter, more of them would be committed to the keeping of that immortalizing agent, the human whistle. They are too long to be carried off in the memory after a single hearing. This is decidedly no discredit to Mr. De Koven; it is mentioned simply to explain why his songs are not "catchy." In "Rob Roy" he has written better music than he has given us in any other operetta except "Robin Hood." In several numbers of the present work he has reached the level of his best score, and in at least two he has passed it. There is nothing in "Robin Hood" as broad and powerful as the *finale* of the first act of "Rob Roy," nor is there anything so symmetrical, so graceful, so poetic as the song of Flora in the second act. Other good things are the bright march *finale* of the second act, the duet for Flora and the Prince, the dainty and captivating "Margery" song of Janet, the gathering of the clans, and the Prince's song, "Boots and Saddles." The instrumentation is rich and sonorous, but its effect was greatly marred on Monday night by the lack of moderation on the part of the brass players. The scenery is pretty and the stage pictures, with the bright Scotch costumes, are very attractive.

Current Criticism

WHAT IT IS TO "KIPPLE."—I sometimes wish that Mr. Kipling's name were simply "Kip." Then when people should speak of the Kipling of America, and the Kipling of Australia, and the various other Kiplings, we would appreciate the full force of the diminutive. Then, too, we might add the verb, "to kipple," meaning, of course, the occupation of a kipling. To be a kipling is to be a member of a rapidly growing class of young men. They write stories after the manner of Mr. Kipling, and, thereupon, their friends instantly hail them as kiplings. There is no writer whose manner is more easy of imitation than is the manner of Mr. Kipling, but how painfully empty is the imitation when it is done! yet, after all, the young kipling should not be severely scolded. He means well, and he, at least, is entitled to the credit of being able to admire the author of the "Drums of the Fore and Aft." He will kipple for a time, but in all probability he will before very long strike out for himself, and write something that is not an imitation. The latest of kiplings is Mr. Guy Boothby, who, we are told, is the Australian Kipling, and who, in addition to various short stories, has written a book called "On the Wallaby," and apparently containing an account of his own experience in Australia. At present Mr. Boothby kipples assiduously, but he will grow out of this. He has had a good many adventures, and seen a good deal of the odds and ends of life. With this material he will do something worth doing, as soon as he learns to handle it with a little more skill. "On the Wallaby" is by no means a bad first book, and its faults are all those of a young and inexperienced writer. It will not be long, unless I am very much mistaken, before Mr. Boothby ceases from kipling, and writes his own stories in his own way. Then he will no longer be called the kipling of Australia, but he, as well as his books, will be all the better for it. —W. L. Alden, in *The Idler*.

THE YOUNG MAN IN LITERATURE.—Our Young Man is too timorous of abstract ideas ever to fulfill the delightful promises he seems to make in the bud. This also is largely due to the conditions of the literary market-place, which is possessed of that agitation for novelty, that is the most infallible sign of crudeness and Philistinism. The Young Man is having his day, and it is usually a pitifully short one, and the pressure of circumstances is such that he cannot afford to bother with abstractions that must fail to touch the popular imagination. He writes with the public at the keyhole, for he has but one short season to live—to-morrow he is dead as an author, though he may still be permitted to write for the newspapers. Every man can struggle and hope for one season's success and puffing and lionizing, then he must fall back into industrious obscurity; for talent, even genius, has come to the pass of beauty: it can only expect to conquer for one season—and it has not the chance of matrimony, although fond memory and newspaper scraps are not denied it. This is one of the new horrors of modern life, which the Young Man seems to fail to appreciate, until he is no longer quite young—not old, however, but *just ripe*. Then he discovers the bitterness of it, and thinks with regret of the old-fashioned days when youth was a fearful reproach, but manhood lasted until senility, and the authority of gravity, and a well earned reputation, often far beyond that. The fashions in literature come in and go out nowadays almost as rapidly as in millinery. The Humanist of last winter is an uncompromising Euphuist in the spring—of all times in the year! The milliners, however, frequently revive old fashions in bonnets, and it is not an unknown thing for a contemporary writer to be convicted by the curious of filching some startlingly original ideas from the old authors; but while the bonnets are welcomed, the old-fashioned ideas are regarded with suspicion by the mass of men whose thought is circumscribed by the round of smudgy prints which make their appearance within every twenty-four hours. —W. B. Harte, in *The Arena*.

Notes

HOUGHTON, Mifflin & Co. announce the authorized "Life and Letters of John G. Whittier," by S. T. Pickard; a biography of William Curtis, by Edward Cary; "A Century of Charades," by W. Bellamy; "The Story of Lawrence Garthe," by Ellen Olney Kirk; "Notes on the Forest Flora of Japan," by Charles Sprague Sargent; "Side Glimpses from the Colonial Meeting-House," by William Root Bliss; an "Oliver Wendell Holmes Year-Book;" "Pushing to the Front; or, Success under Difficulties," by O. S. Marsden; "Occult Japan: the Way of the Gods," by Percival Lowell; a "Memoir of Marie Edgeworth, with a Selection from Her

Letters," by Mrs. Edgeworth; "A Story of Courage: Annals of the Georgetown Convent of the Visitation," by George Parsons and Rose Hawthorne Lathrop; "The Great Refusal: Letters of a Dreamer in Gotham," by Paul E. More; "Little Mr. Thimblefinger and His Queer Country," by Joel Chandler Harris; "Talk at a Country House," by Sir Edward Strachey; a new edition of "Fagots for the Fireside," by Lucretia P. Hale; "Julius Caesar," in the Riverside Literature Series; and "The Lady of Fort St. John," by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, in the Riverside Paper Series.

—The author of "Colette" has written a story for children, "Madeleine's Rescue," to be published shortly by the Appletons, who announce, also, "The Golden Fairy Book," from European and African sources; "Maelcho," a new historical romance by the Hon. Emily Lawless; a Life of Dean Buckland, by his daughter, and the Maurice Leloir edition of "The Three Musketeers."

—The "Library of Useful Stories," for which Mr. George Newnes has arranged in England, will be published in this country, by D. Appleton & Co. The Useful Stories will all be of a scientific nature, published at a low price (30c.), and written in a popular style by distinguished scientists. The first three volumes will be "The Story of the Earth," by Prof. H. G. Seeley; "The Story of the Stars," by G. F. Chambers; and "The Story of Primitive Man," by Edward Clodd. The books will be neatly printed and strongly bound.

—Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who takes more interest in his verse than in his stories, is hard at work on preparing a new volume of poems to be published by the Appletons in the spring. A unique feature of the book will be that certain of the poems have been set to music under the author's supervision. The book is already in the printer's hands, and Mr. Kipling has made several visits to New York to look after its make-up.

—Mr. Frank Harris, until recently editor of *The Fortnightly Review*, has purchased *The Saturday Review*, and will endeavor to infuse new life into that moribund periodical. It is probable, indeed, that he will succeed.

—"The Dawn of Civilization," by Prof. Maspero, edited by the Rev. Prof. Sayce, is announced by D. Appleton & Co. The period dealt with covers the history of Egypt from the earliest date to the fourteenth dynasty, and that of Chaldaea during its first empire. The book is brought up to the present year, and deals with the recent discoveries at Koptos and Dahabur.

—Mr. William Watson's new volume, "Odes and Other Poems," will be issued in the course of a few weeks by Macmillan & Co. It will include verses printed recently in the London *Spectator* and *Daily Chronicle*, besides a number of others that have not been printed anywhere. They were all written since Mr. Watson's illness, and they are said to show no falling off in his powers. The book will be a small one—a little more than one hundred pages.

—The large-paper editions of "American Book-Plates and Guide to their Study, With Examples," by Charles Dexter Allen, which Macmillan & Co. have about ready, has been entirely sold, although the books are not yet off the press, which shows that there is more of an interest in this subject than one might have supposed.

—Mr. Frederic Harrison has written, and Macmillan & Co. will publish, "The Meaning of History, and Other Historical Pieces," a collection of essays designed to stimulate a systematic study of general history. They are, with two exceptions, the final form of historical lectures given in various educational institutions. Mr. Harrison has constantly taught history since 1862, the first two chapters of his book being the introduction to a course of lectures he gave in that year to a London audience.

—Henry Altemus, Philadelphia, and Elliot Stock, London, will publish at once "The Pilgrim's Progress as John Bunyan Wrote It," a facsimile reproduction of the copy of the first edition, published in 1678, now in the British Museum. A bibliographical and historical introduction will be provided by Dr. John Brown.

—The fourth volume of the Rowfant Club's publications will consist of Landor's letter to Emerson, apropos of the latter's "English Traits." The little, twenty-three page tract was published in Bath, and is now, perhaps, the rarest of the Emersoniana. Mr. Forster quoted from it in his Life of Landor, but the letter itself in its typically Landorian completeness is known to but very few. The Club's edition will contain an introductory note giving the history of the Letter, the Letter itself, and Emerson's paper on Landor, reprinted from *The Dial* for Oct. 1841. Dr. Samuel A. Jones will edit the book, of which only 200 copies will be printed.

—Harper & Bros. will publish during the winter "A Martyred Fool," a novel on anarchism, by David Christie Murray, who is now making a lecture tour in this country.

—Edward Penfield has illustrated for the Christmas *Harper's* a farce written by John Kendrick Bangs.

—*Harper's Bazar* for Nov. 10 contains a parlor play, "A Slight Misunderstanding," by Miss Mildred Howells, the daughter of the novelist, illustrated by her own drawings.

—Mr. Henry W. Fisher is probably the only man who has interviewed the household of the late Emperor of Russia in true American style. The result of his visit and adventures at Fredensborg, Denmark, will appear in an article called "The Truth About the Czar," to be published in *Harper's Weekly* of Nov. 17.

—Miss Minnie Kellogg, contralto, who appeared in a complimentary concert at the Waldorf on Wednesday evening of this week, made a very favorable impression on her hearers, and justified high hopes of what another year's study in Paris will enable her to accomplish. She was assisted by the violinist, Mrs. Leonora Von Hoesch Howland (who had not previously been heard in New York since her marriage), and M. Mauguère, tenor, of the Metropolitan Opera House company, both of whom were heard at their best.

—The new buildings of the Teachers College, on Morningside Heights, will be formally opened on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 15. Addresses will be made by Bishop Potter, President Low of Columbia, President Eliot of Harvard, President Gilman of Johns Hopkins, and others.

—The Grolier Club will hold an exhibition, on Nov. 9-24, of early printed books, selected from the collection presented to it by Mr. David Wolfe Bruce.

—*L' Hirondelle de France* is the name of a new monthly started in Paris. Its field is a wide one, for it covers society, literature, the drama, music, the fine arts, science, travel, economics, foreign and French politics, and a host of other things that interest, not only "le tout Paris," but all who endeavor to keep up with all that is going on the world over. Among the contributors are Coppée, Claretie, Flammarion, Bataille, Michelet, André Lemoyne and René Vinet. There will be quarterly competitions for prizes in poetry, drama, music and drawing.

—Since the announcement of Thomas Hardy's new novel in these columns, the title has been changed to "Hearts Insurgent." The title at first announced—"The Simpletons"—will be retained in the first instalment only.

—Dodd, Mead & Co. announce a book on the early public life of Mr. Gladstone, containing little known data, and an edition of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."

—Wm. Andrews & Co. of Hull, England, are about to make three additions to Burns literature, under the title of "Bonnie Jeanie," "Clarinda" and "Tam O'Shanter." The first will consist of wreaths of poetry and prose in honor of the wife of Robert Burns; the second of papers concerning the renowned correspondents of the poet; and the third will deal with "Tam O'Shanter" and his memorable ride, and include some papers on Alloway Kirk, Souter Johnny, Captain Grose, etc. The books will be illustrated. The compiler is Mr. John D. Ross, the author of "Round the Grave of Burns," "Burnsiana," etc.

—"Edgar Poe," a one-act play by Henry Tyrrell, will be produced by Nelson Wheatcroft some time this season. It is based on a sentimental episode in the poet's life, the scene being laid at the Poe Cottage at Fordham. One of the characters will be Poe's friend, the comedian Burton.

—Mr. Noah Brooks, who has retired to his home in Castine, Maine, for the purpose of carrying on his literary work, has in hand a book to be called "How the Republic Is Governed."

—Francisque Sarcey says in one of his recent feuilletons that he never replies to attacks made on him, because he is convinced that the public judges a man by the sum total of his own work, and the by what a casual enemy may say about him.

—A member of the first Graduating Class of Barnard College has been appointed head of the Greek and Latin Department in the Jersey City High School.

—The October *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography* continues its antiquarian gleanings from the MSS. found in public and private collections. Some of these are of more than local interest, such as "The Causes of Discontent in Virginia, 1676," the genealogy of the widely scattered Flournoy family, and the discriminating review of Keith's "Ancestry of Benjamin Harrison."

—Miss. Lilian Whiting's graceful and optimistic essays, which made their first appearance in *The Boston Budget*, have been collected and will be published in book-form by Roberts Bros. over the title of "The World Beautiful."

—M. Pierre Loti has begun his Palestine sketches in the *Nouvelle Revue*.

—Our Boston correspondent's statement (Oct. 27) that the late D. Lothrop had purchased "the Wayside Inn at Concord, Mass., immortalized by Longfellow," should have been corrected to read the Wayside, immortalized by Hawthorne. Longfellow's Wayside Inn is a Sudbury, not a Concord, institution.

—Among Longmans, Green & Co.'s announcements are a three-volume novel and a novel in one volume, by Mrs. Walford, and a uniform edition of all her works. Mrs. Walford's best and most popular story, "Mr. Smith," has been out of print for several years.

—President and Mrs. Low will give a reception to Miss Emily James Smith, the new Dean of Barnard College, on Saturday, Nov. 17.

—The Rev. J. T. Yokoi, formerly the editor of the leading religious magazine of Japan, is at present studying philosophy at New Haven, Conn. He contributed a paper to the Parliament of Religions, and intends to give a series of lectures on the Chino-Japanese war.

—Johnson & Emigh, San Francisco, announce "Wild Flowers of California," the flowers pressed and arranged by Miss E. C. Alexander, with sonnets by Ina D. Coolbrith and Grace Hibbard.

—The will of Mrs. Charles Lux of San Francisco sets aside nearly \$3,000,000 for a manual-training school.

—Macmillan & Co., have just published their new, nine-volume edition of Browning, the first complete and definitive edition of the poet's works.

—The scene of Rudyard Kipling's first American story, which is to appear in the December number of *The Century*, is laid in Vermont, and all of the dramatis personæ are horses.

—The first of Mrs. Mary J. Serrano's Wednesday afternoon lectures, to be given at the residence of Mrs. George E. Lockwood, 288 Lexington Ave., is fixed for the 14th inst. The course will comprise ten addresses. "Spain and Spanish Literature" is the lecturer's subject, and her ability to treat it is well known.

The Free Parliament

Communications must be accompanied by the names and addresses of correspondents, not necessarily for publication. In referring to any question, correspondents are requested to give its number.

QUESTION

1708.—In what edition of Wordsworth can be found his poem "The Leech Gatherer?"

CHICAGO.

A. B.

1709.—When, where and by whom was the expression "The Dutch have taken Holland" first used?

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C. J.

[Mr. John Bartlett declares the expression to be "without paternity."]

Publications Received

- Ackerman, A. W. Price of Peace. \$1.25. A. C. McClurg & Co.
Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science. Vol. V., No. 3. November, 1894. Macmillan & Co.
Austen, J. Price and Prejudice. \$2.25. F. H. Revelle Co.
Baker, J. Pictures from Bohemia. \$2.50. A. C. McClurg & Co.
Bikelas, D. Tales from the Ægean. Tr. by L. E. Opdycke. \$1.50. D. Appleton & Co.
Butterworth, H. The Patriot Schoolmaster. \$1.50. Denver, Col.: F. S. Thayer.
Camera, The. Hoofs, Claws and Antlers. \$5. Catalogue of the Accademia delle Belle Arti at Venice. \$2.
Catholic Family Annual, 1895. London: Wm. Heineman.
Christian Year. \$1. Catholic School Book Co.
Codman, J. T. Brook Farm Historic and Personal Memoirs. Macmillan & Co.
Davis, C. H. S. Egyptian Book of the Dead. \$5. Arena Pub. Co.
Deland, M. Philip and His Wife. \$1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Dickenson, M. L. Three Times and Out. 75c. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Fairbairn, R. B. The Oblation and the Invocation. \$1. Hunt & Eaton.
Groth, P. Danish Grammar. \$1. Thomas Whitaker.
Hall, T. C. Power of an Endless Life. \$1. D. C. Heath & Co.
Harrison, F. Meaning of History. \$2.25. A. C. McClurg & Co.
Harte, Mrs. B. Bianca. 12. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
Heyse, P. Children of the World. \$1.25. H. Holt & Co.
Hillhouse, M. L. Iola: the Senator's Daughter. \$1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Howells, W. D. Their Wedding Journey. \$3. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Jersey, Countess of. Maurice, or, the Red Jar. \$1.25. Macmillan & Co.
Keeler, C. A. Light Through the Storm. San Francisco: Wm. Doney.
Keyser, L. S. In Bird Land. \$1.25. A. C. McClurg & Co.
Lawless, R. Maelcho. \$1.50. D. Appleton & Co.
Lindsay, S. M. and Rowe, L. S. Constitution of the Kingdom of Italy. Philadelphia: Am. Academy of Political and Social Science.
Little, W. J. K. Labor and Sorrow. \$1.50. Thomas Whitaker.
MacLaren, A. The Psalms. \$1.50. A. C. Armstrong & Son.
Marshall, E. Kensington Palace. \$1.50. Macmillan & Co.
Masoch, L. von S. Jewish Tales. Tr. by H. L. Cohen. \$1. A. C. McClurg & Co.
May, J. H. Songs from the Woods of Maine. \$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Merriam, L. S. Higher Education in Tennessee. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Oliphant, Mrs. Victorian Age of English Literature. 3 vols. Lovell, Coryell & Co.
Oxley, J. M. In the Wilds of the West Coast. \$1.50. T. Nelson & Sons.
Parker, L. F. Higher Education in Iowa. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Powell, L. P. History of Education in Delaware. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Raymond, G. L. and Wheeler, G. P. The Writer. 90c. Sliver, Burdett & Co.
Richards, L. E. Marie. 90c. Estes & Lauriat.
Robinson, C. N. The British Fleet. George Bell & Sons.
Ross, J. H. Life of Robert Ross. Boston: James H. Earle.
Schultz, J. Madeleine's Rescue. \$1. D. Appleton & Co.
Scott, W. Poetical Works of. 2 vols. \$3. T. Y. Crowell & Co.
Steiner, B. C. History of Education in Connecticut. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Stevens, W. A. and Burton, E. de W. Outline Handbook of the Life of Christ. 90c. Sliver, Burdett & Co.
Stoddard, W. O. Chris, the Model Maker. \$1.50. D. Appleton & Co.
Trowbridge, J. Three Boys on an Electrical Boat. \$1. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Turgenev, I. House of Gentlefolk. Tr. by C. Garnett. \$1.25. Macmillan & Co.
Walford, L. B. Ploughed, and Other Stories. \$1. Longmans, Green & Co.
Westlake, J. Chapters on the Principles of International Law. \$1.60. Macmillan & Co.
Whittier, J. G. Complete Poetical Works of. \$3. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Wickenden, R. J. Poems of Nature and Sentiment. F. Keppel & Co.
Wiggin, K. D. Timothy's Quest. \$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Yellow Book, The. Vol. III. October, 1894. \$1.50. Copeland & Day.



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